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By the men . . for the men in the service

AIR FORCE ISSUE

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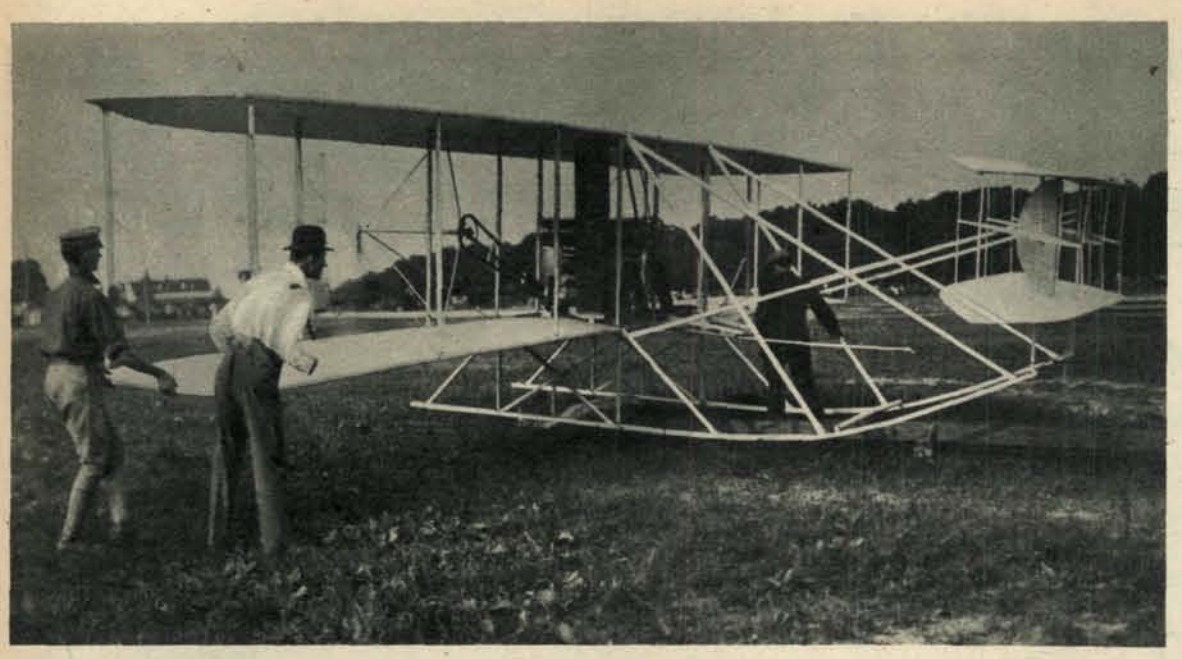

The first Army aeroplane in 1908 had a speed of 40 miles per hour and a range of 125 miles.

How Old Is the Air Force?

It started in 1908 as the Aeronautical Section of the Signal Corps with a flying machine made by the Wright brothers that used wooden skids instead of landing gear wheels. But it grew!

THE plane was a weird looking affair. She had so many struts she looked like a picket fence; she had a 25 horsepower motor, and she had a top speed of 40 miles per hour, with a cruising range of 125 miles. Orville Wright had actually kept her in the air for an hour and two minutes in delivery tests. He should have been able to keep her up—he built her.

This was the first plane that ever served in the U. S. Army, and she arrived at Fort Myer, Va., on August 28, 1908. A year before an Aeronautical Section had been formed in the Signal Corps. The Army wasn't quite sure what it would do with planes, but it was perfectly willing to experiment. And experimentation must have been interesting, because in 1909 another Wright plane was purchased.

These early planes, which were used occasionally in field maneuvers, had no wheels. Their landing gear was a pair of wooden skids. Their controls were complicated and, as they had no ailerons, their wings were warped. A 1400 pound weight, dropped from a tower, launched them in flight, and their huge propellers, rotating at 400 revolutions a minute, were scarcely sufficient to keep them in the air. There was a very slight difference between their top speed and stalling speed, and pilots were hard put at times to keep them flying.

In 1910 the Air Arm of the War Department had one plane and three balloons, manned by a personnel of three officers and nine enlisted men. The first Army man to learn to fly, Lt. F. E. Humphreys, had been taught at Dayton by Wilbur Wright on October 26, 1909. The second officer to learn, Lt. F. P. Lahm, had received his instruction the following day.

Men who had been in the Army before the turn of the century were suspicious of the new development. The story is told of an early Army flyer who was forced down in a bay. He clung to his waterlogged craft, awaiting rescue. At last he saw a rowboat coming toward him, manned by three GAR veterans in full uniform.

The rowboat went on right by the flyer. The GAR, it seemed, did not believe in planes.

When the first World War burst over Europe the U. S. Army had one squadron of eight planes, and an "Air Force" personnel of 16 officers and 77 enlisted men. In France great things were happening in the air. Planes were nearly all of the tractor type—while we still clung to the old-fashioned pusher models. Machine guns were being synchronized to fire through propellers, and some planes even mounted 37 mm. cannon. Bombs were being dropped on cities from the huge German Gotha.

Meanwhile the planes we had weren't even useful against Villa on the Mexican Border, though it was in this campaign that the first bomb ever dropped from an American plane in actual warfare, a crude, homemade affair, exploded in the middle of a bandit camp.

In the ten years since the Signal Corps set in motion its Aeronautical Section the Army had purchased the total of 142 planes, and when in April 1917 we went to war with Germany, we had 55 of these, all obsolete, lined up on our few fields.

America went to work building planes, but it was too late. Our flyers, trained in the machines of our Allies, fought in Allied planes over the pulverized soil of France. We made a motor called the "Liberty," but it didn't arrive early enough to make much difference in the war. In 1918, however, we were pioneering the way for the mass production of aircraft. And, though we didn't have the planes, we had the pilots. On Armistice Day, 1918, the U. S. had 43 squadrons at the Front.

And we had 491 Germans to our credit. Pretty good, for a late start.

They had been brought down by such people as Eddie Rickenbacker, who had once as a sergeant chauffeured for General Pershing, and Frank Luke, called "The Balloon Buster" because of his undisguised love for knocking over the "sausages" that were used as spotters for German artillery.

After the War, Army aviation was taken from the Signal Corps and placed under a new combat command—the U. S. Army Air Service, made up of 1,000 officers and 10,000 enlisted men. For the next 20 years this handful of men did research in the development of all types of aircraft. The results are today visible all over the world—from Guadalcanal to Morocco.

In 1919 a period of record-breaking began. There is only one way to test new equipment, and that is to put it through its paces. The Army set an example for the rest of the country. In the summer of 1919 the Army Air Service held a race from Mineola, Long Island, to Toronto, and it was so successful that the Transcontinental Reliability Test was put on in the fall of the same year. Any type of plane or motor could enter, and equipment was judged on an elapsed time schedule, based on the type of plane and the horsepower of the engine. The TRT furnished valuable data to the Army, stimulated Congressional and public interest in aviation, and was a pathfinding survey for civil airways and the soon-to-be-opened airmail routes of the Post Office Department.

A man named Billy Mitchell had learned to fly in 1912, and had flown in 1917 the first U.S. combat plane over the German lines. He later became chief of the flying service of the AEF. In 1921 he was shouting, at the top of his voice, that an Army bomber could sink any battleship afloat.

They gave him a chance to prove his point. They set the condemned battleship *Alabama* out on the open sea. Over the steel hulk roared a Martin bomber, a 2000 pound bomb strapped to her fuselage.

When the bomb went down, so did the *Alabama*, in twenty minutes. It had not even been a direct hit. The bomb had exploded alongside her.

Later the same bomb, in another way, exploded under Billy Mitchell. Cashiered from the service for talking out of turn, he did not live to see his theories proven and acted upon. After his death Congress restored his rank and posthumously gave him the Congressional Medal of Honor.

In the 1920s and 1930s records were being broken as though a bull were loose in a Victrola shop. The Army broke more than its share.

On February 27, 1920, Major R. W. Schroeder established the world's altitude record for that time—33,000 feet.

In 1920 a flight of Douglas Cruisers, biplanes equipped with pontoons, circled the world.

In 1927 Lt. Albert F. Hegenberger and Lt. Lester J. Maitland made the first flight from California to Hawaii.

On May 2, 1927, was ended a 20,000 mile pioneering flight over Latin-America countries, led by Major H. A. Dargue. And, of course, that year, too, Charles A. Lindbergh, a captain then in the Army Air Reserve, made his historic flight to Paris.

On September 24, 1929, Lieut. James H. Doolittle, the recent visitor to Japan, made the first take-off and landing made with the use of instruments only.

In 1930 Hegenberger, the Hawaii flyer, made the first blind flight, using only his instruments and radio.

On Armistice Day, 1935, Capts. A. W. Stevens and Orvil A. Anderson penetrated the stratosphere in a balloon, making a new record—72,395 feet.

War was again in the air in 1938 when approximately 2,000 officers and fewer than 50,000 enlisted men began the present expansion program of the Army Air Forces. Now our fighting planes and pilots girdle the earth. They are dogfighting in Africa and over the South Sea islands. They are dropping bombs over Europe.

For a country that looked across the Atlantic 26 years ago and saw the air fleets of warring Europe dwarfing our pitiful Air Force, we have come a long way. The dream of America having the world's greatest Air Force is about to become an actuality.

Perhaps it is an actuality now.

The De Haviland 4 observation and light bomber, typical Army plane of the 1920's, had a speed of 120 miles per hour and 315 mile range.

First all-metal plane in the Army was the Thomas Morse 0-19 of 1929, with a speed of 137.2 miles per hour and a range of 450 miles.

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Rommel on the RUN

An eyewitness story from the African desert where Hitler's Afrika Korps, crushed by the British 8th Army and Yanks in the AAF, flees in wild disorder leaving the blackened wreckage of its planes and panzer divisions behind in bomb-scarred sand.

This picture, showing Lt. Gen. Andrews inspecting wrecked Nazi planes in Africa, was taken by Sgt. George Aarons, our correspondent, and radioed to YANK through the courtesy of the Office of War Information.

By *SGT. GEORGE AARONS*
YANK Field Correspondent

FROM A CAPTURED AXIS AIRDROME, SOMEWHERE NEAR TOBRUK (By Wireless) — Machines of war die a horrible death in this desert battle.

With Lt. Gen. Frank M. Andrews, who has arrived here from the Caribbean to take command of the U. S. Army in the Middle East, I have just completed a tour of the front, flying across miles and miles of tortured battle wreckage, the fire-blackened carcasses of panzer tanks and blitz machines left behind by Rommel's Afrika Korps as it ran from the British 8th Army.

We landed at air fields that were held by the Axis only a few hours ago and were still strewn with the mangled corpses of Stukas, Messerschmitts, and Macchis. These mechanical casualties lay there in the desert as grim testimonials of the destructive power of the British ground forces and the U.S. and RAF air armadas.

The first sign of life that we saw as we flew into the combat zone was a British armored force column moving up toward the front. Over the El Alamein battle ground, we could see salvage crews working in the debris of hundreds of bombed and shelled German trucks and tanks.

Some of these tanks lay in groups, showing how they had clustered together and fought it out to the bitter end. Other iron carcasses were alone in the desert, burned and twisted—relics of a hopeless single-handed struggle against the Allied forces.

Tank treads, ripped from their wheels, coiled like snakes hundreds of feet away from their machines, blown away by bombs from the air.

Flying over what had been an enemy headquarters, we saw another battle that had left its footprints on the sand.

All over the area were the tracks of tanks and ammunition carriers that ran in crazy circles like a snarled line of twine. We could pick out scenes of hot fights by the way that the tracks became dense and knotted. The land was dented by bomb craters only a few yards apart, telling of a terrific bombardment. The crashed remains of ground-strafed Stukas were sprawled in the wreckage, souvenirs of the air battle that had raged overhead.

At Sidi Barrani airport, I landed with Gen. Andrews' party for a closeup inspection of downed Axis planes. They were well-constructed ships with plenty of aluminum and rubber. We were told that they had been ground-strafed and scuttled on the air field. I noticed a lot of German and Italian shoes scattered around the field. Evidently, our attack had literally scared the Axis right out of its boots.

We picked up a postcard dropped by a fleeing Italian soldier. It was from his family in Rome, asking him to be careful about his health.

There were several bundles of German and Italian newspapers, dated Oct. 28, at the airport, evidently flown to the desert from Europe to entertain the troops.

From Sidi Barrani, we continued westward past Sollum, Halfaya Pass and Bardia. Everywhere it was the same old picture—miles of wrecked Axis equipment—that told the story of an enemy taking torturous punishment in a mad, headlong flight.

Then we noticed a tremendously long motor convoy winding through the debris. Coming closer, we saw that it was a part of our own force bringing men and supplies up closer to Rommel's heels.

You never saw a convoy like this one. In one minute we counted 120 vehicles in the sands below and that was only a small part of the procession. Even though we were flying at top speed, it took us seven minutes to pass over this modern, streamlined desert caravan.

The Yanks in the Air Force over here are taking all the danger and excitement of this campaign in stride, as though it was just a part of the ordinary day's work.

For instance, at the advance post where I am writing this despatch, Maj. Gen. Lewis H. Brereton called a hurried formation this morning to confer the D.S.C. on Lt. Lyman Middleditch in recognition of his feat of downing three Messerschmitts in a recent dogfight. Middleditch received the medal, saluted, thanked the commander of the U.S. Army Air Force in the Eastern Desert, and then climbed right back into his fighter plane for another round with the enemy.

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He's a Flight Officer Now

Something new has landed in the AAF. It's the Flight Officer, a guy, for example, like Benjamin R. Jumonville (right) of Patterson, La. Used to be a Flying Sergeant. There ain't no such animal any more.

By YANK Staff Correspondent

MAXWELL FIELD, ALA.—The "Flying Sergeant," that colorful if vaguely maladjusted old bird of the AAF, has flown the coop.

With an assist from the War Department and Congress, who by suitable legislation deliberately held the hangar door wide open for him, he has at long last spread his non-commissioned wings and soared right out of the U. S. military picture, probably for all time.

His passing is not mourned. Especially by the Flying Sergeants themselves, who for years have been fulfilling the thorny duties and responsibilities of officer pilots without getting the fruits of an officer's rating.

In fact, the boys are still cheering at their own funeral, for when they were buried as non-coms with wings they were almost instantly resurrected as genuine, full-fledged "Flight Officers," the Army's latest creation in the fashionable and important matter of ratings.

While the Flight Officer is a new bird in the AAF, he is no fledgeling. Neither a non-com nor yet wholly a commissioned officer, he nonetheless has his silver wings and can fly with the best of them.

What's more, he rates an honest, non-tongue-in-the-cheek highball.

Created recently by an act of Congress, the Flight Officer gets the rank, pay and allowances provided for warrant officers, junior grade. He is appointed from among the graduates of the various Army Air Forces flying courses, and will be treated in accordance with "all the customs and courtesies of the military service pertaining to commissioned officers."

In other words, when in the future you address a Flight Officer, it will be judicious for you to remember that he is "sir" and not "bub."

You won't have much difficulty spotting a Flight Officer. He'll have insignia similar to a Warrant Officer's, with this difference: his bar will be blue, instead of brown, and will be traversed crosswise by a strip of gold.

The War Department seeking a proper description for this new aerial phenomenon hit upon this one: "The Flight Officer is to be accepted in the nature of a third Lieutenant." That should clarify matters.

In any event the Flight Officer is apparently here to stay and his background and the reasons for his emergence on the military scene are interesting as well as highly significant.

In an exclusive interview with YANK's correspondent, Maj. Gen. Ralph Royce who recently returned from the South Pacific where he personally led a series of smashing aerial blows against the Japs and who now is CO of the Southeast Army Air Forces Training Center at Maxwell Field, explained the Flight Officer and the factors in our expanding air program which brought him into being.

"Next year we're going to turn out more than 100,000 first-class pilots," he said. "Which means that, while we are maintaining traditionally exacting AAF standards of careful and exhaustive training, our resources in training personnel and equipment will have to be taxed to the limit.

"It also means," he continued, "that ideas which fit the old circumstances comfortably enough will have to be modified and enlarged to meet new and unprecedented conditions."

Gen. Royce, who holds the DSC and today at 52 looks as if he could lift up Joe Louis and Billy Conn and rap their heads together, explained that the sudden appearance of upwards of 100,000 commissioned officers in the AAF would have many disquieting implications.

In the first place, not all good pilots make good officers. This, he hastened to say, is no reflection on the "natural" pilot who may lack certain essential qualities of the first-rate officer.

"Take Babe Ruth. A natural, a perfect ball player, if there ever was one.

"But as a manager, for some mysterious reason, he could never quite make the grade. On the other hand, a fellow like Frankie Frisch, who was also plenty fast as a player, had that extra certain something which enabled him to handle men, to direct and coordinate many diverse factors, so that his team as a whole benefited.

"The same thing applies here. There are many boys who as pilots are naturals. They have the rapid responses and intuitive judgment that make for effective, bang-up combat flying. But they lack, often only because of insufficient experience, the additional quality of the manager."

The Flight Officer, he explained, was created with a view to affording these skilful "natural" pilots a period in which to gain necessary experience while they are simultaneously fulfilling their regular duties as fliers.

Under the new regulations, those qualifying for appointment as Flight Officers are:

1. Aviation cadets who enlisted on or after July 8, 1942, and who have successfully completed the AAF training course.

2. Enlisted men, irrespective of the date of their induction, who have successfully completed the AAF training course.

Prior to enactment of the present law, any enlisted man who passed the course came out as a "Flying Sergeant." During his training he was known as an "aviation student"—as opposed to an "aviation cadet"—and in many other respects, especially in the social sense, his life was not as agreeable as it might have been.

Today, there is no distinction between the aviation cadet and the aviation student. All persons taking the course are called cadets, and their chances for advancement are equal.

Formerly, too, each aviation cadet who won his wings automatically got a second lieutenant's rating. Today, under the revised ruling, each cadet, upon successful completion of his training, may emerge as either a Second Lieutenant or a Flight Officer.

Despite these drastic changes in the methods of determining ratings, there will be no alteration in the AAF's rigid training schedule. It will continue to be just as tough as ever.

Finally, in the matter of dough, Flight Officers will receive flying pay, which as any pre-flight G. I. can tell you, is 50 per cent more than base pay.

And that honorarium, from the grounded dogface point of view, ain't hay.

Four potential Flight Officers, now aviation cadets taking pre-flight training at Maxwell Field, Ala., study up on their map reading. L. to r., Jack D. Tippit, 19, of Lubbock, Tex.; Robert Hofmann, 18, of Vernon, Tex.; Harris Sluyter, 21, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Jack Hunter, 21, of Rupert, Idaho. Tippit had one year at Texas Tech, wanted to be an architectural engineer. Sluyter played oboe for National Symphony at Washington, D. C., was the celebrated orchestra's youngest member.

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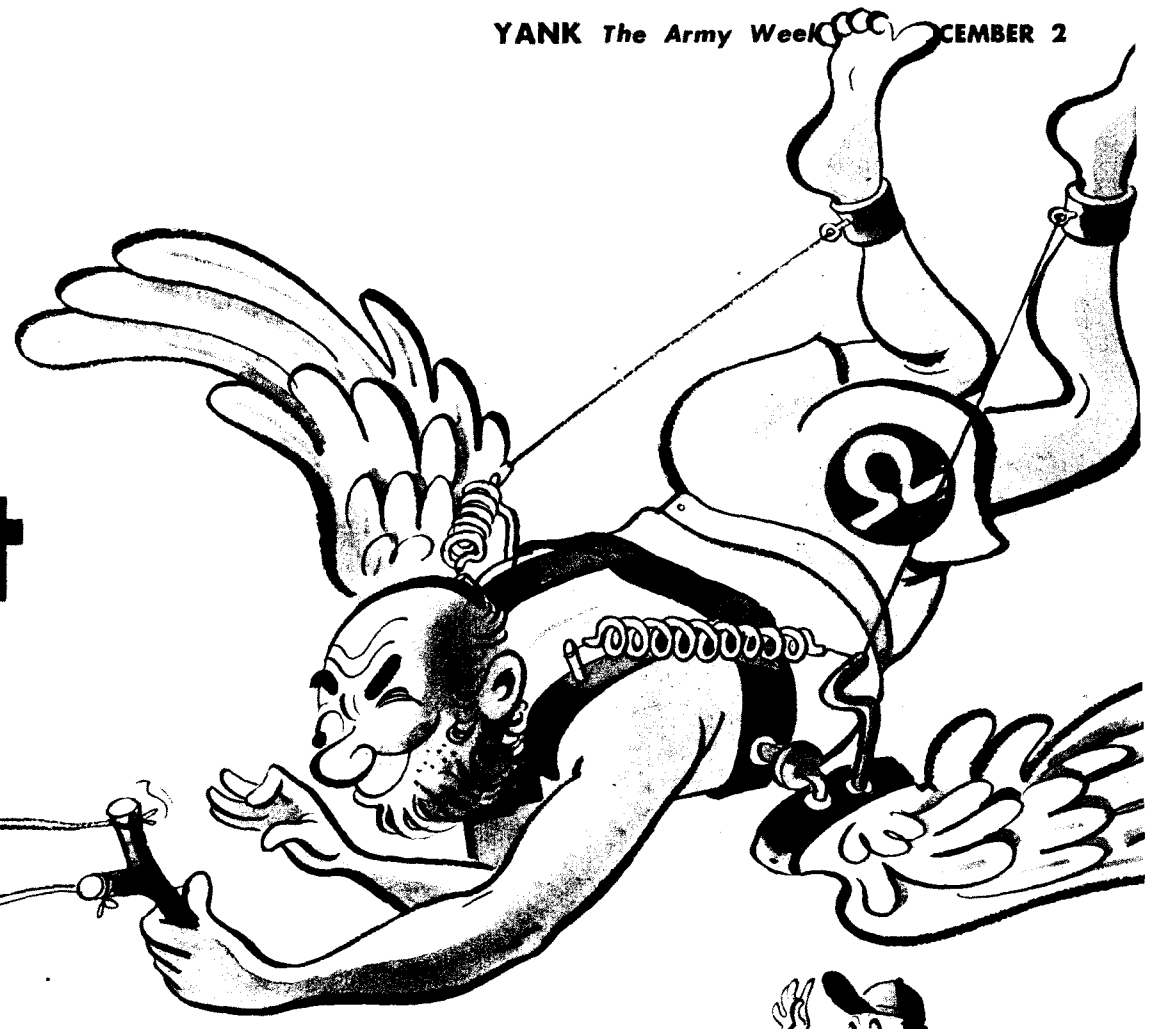
Icarus had a Slingshot

A BRIEF, UNVARNISHED HISTORY OF AIR COMBAT



The Mss. Found in a Bottle by Sgt. Harry Brown, the Drawings Found in Another Bottle by Sgt. Ralph Stein.

WELL, it seems that Daedalus and Icarus were flying along, taking it on the lam from Crete, and Icarus took his slingshot and caught Daedalus in the callipygian. So the old man shot him down in flames. That's how air combat was born.

It appears that every time man invents something to ride in he uses it to take pot shots at people. Look at the automobile, for instance. It hadn't been kicking around for 20 years before mugs were sticking Tommy guns out its back window and blasting away at the bulls. And now, look at the airplane.

It wasn't, strictly speaking, until the first World War that airplanes came into their own as far as combat is concerned. Even then, it was accidental. In 1914 those planes that could actually fly were used for pure and simple reconnaissance. The pilots even waved at each other occasionally. The French would say *"Bon jour,"* and the Germans would answer *"Guten Tag."* It was a rosy set-up.

Unfortunately, one fine day a German plane piloted by Capt. Raus von Maus passed over a French plane piloted by Lt. Jean de Tonne. Capt. von Maus was eating a tomato which was rotten. As the French plane passed beneath him he tossed the tomato overside. Alas! It caught Lt. de Tonne smack in the puss.

You can imagine what happened. Lt. de Tonne was burned up. Next day he came back over the lines with a pot of onion soup, which he dumped forthwith on Capt. von Maus. The captain, stung to his Prussian core, showed up the following Tuesday with a sawed-off shotgun.

Lt. de Tonne spent the next six weeks picking pellets out of himself, and from that day on, men, war was hell.

Combat planes were not always flying gun platforms. Time was when a flyer would be lucky if he could dig up two machine guns, one of which probably wouldn't fire. Now a pursuit pilot must merely press a button to cover an area the size of Oregon with slugs.

The most deadly combat plane at present is the Flying Fortress, mainly because it can shoot in more directions than any other aircraft. It is considered to be a match for three medium bombers, 10 pursuit ships, or one Jap communique.

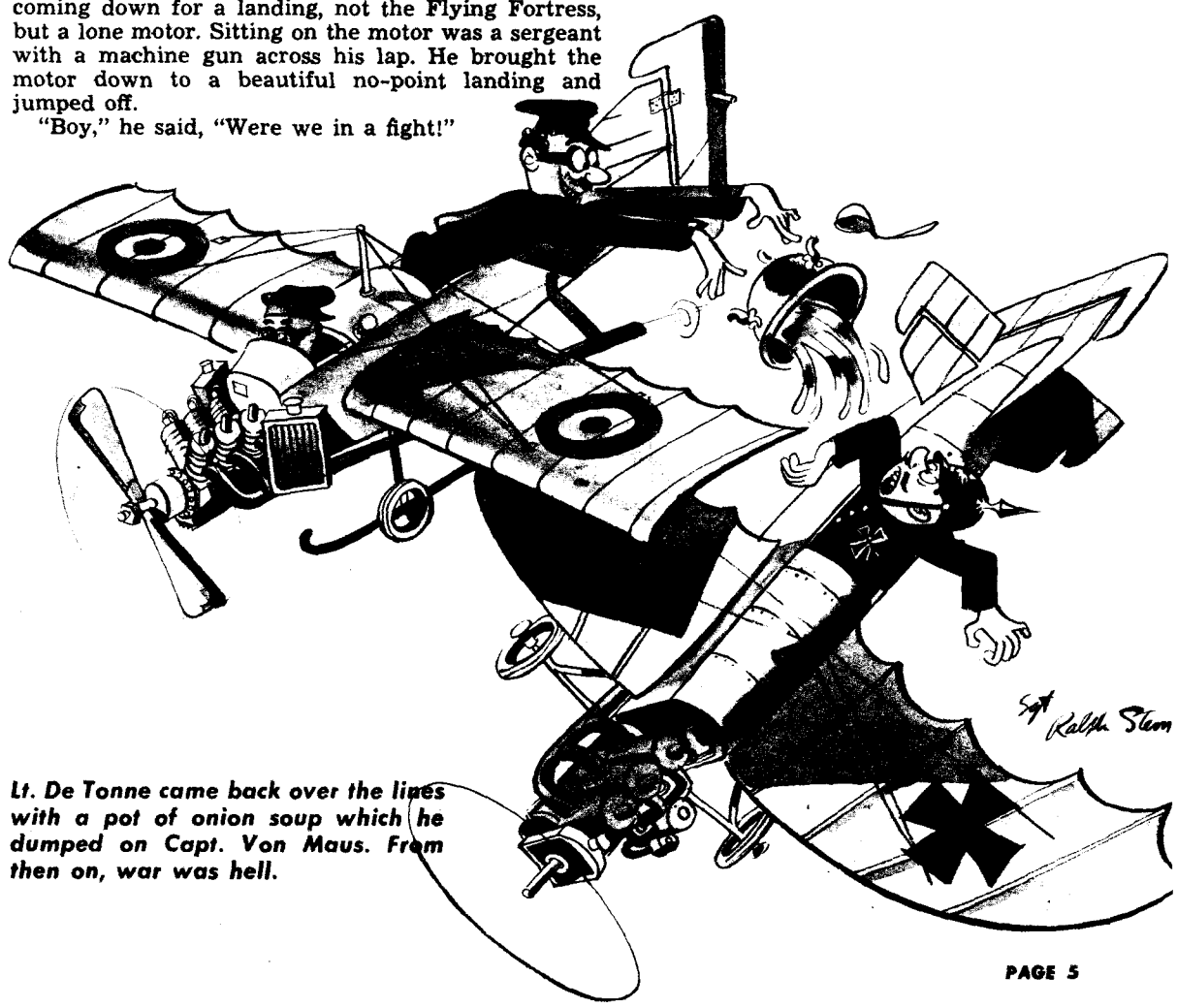
The Fortress is famed for its ability to take it. Many have come back to their bases looking exactly like sieves. (In fact, several have been used as sieves later by absent-minded mess sergeants.) Recently a tale came in from Australia which you can believe or not, as you will.

According to this story, a B-17 took off on a bombing mission. It had been gone about four hours when a radio message was picked up that it was surrounded by several hundred Zeros. Silence followed. The B-17 was some hours overdue, and all hope was given up for it.

Suddenly the sound of a plane was heard above its home field. The ground crews looked up and saw, coming down for a landing, not the Flying Fortress, but a lone motor. Sitting on the motor was a sergeant with a machine gun across his lap. He brought the motor down to a beautiful no-point landing and jumped off.

"Boy," he said, "Were we in a fight!"

"Boy!" he said. "Were we in a fight!"



Lt. De Tonne came back over the lines with a pot of onion soup which he dumped on Capt. Von Maus. From then on, war was hell.

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A WEEK OF WAR

The Pincers Close In

LAST week the Allies were making good use of the initiative they had finally wrested from the enemy after three years. Inexorably their three pronged drive closed in on the Axis in Africa. In Tunisia and in Libya Germans and Italians watched their grip on Africa get weaker and smaller as the strong Allied forces ground on.

The battle of Tunisia was in reality a triple battle of land, sea and air for the bottleneck of the Mediterranean. A triangle formed by Tunisia; Sardinia, 150 miles to the North; and Sicily, 90 miles to the West commands the narrowest portion of the Mediterranean. Whoever controls this area thereby controls the east-west convoy routes the Allies want and the north-south sea lanes vital to Axis troops in North Africa. Through the week Allies and Axis slugged it out for this area.

Heaviest action was still being fought in the air. Flying Fortresses pounded at German air bases, the naval base at Bizerte, and the port of Tunis, where the Axis was rapidly landing men and tanks to build up defensive positions for a last-ditch stand. Air-borne parachutists landed at advance air bases in Tunisia. Other Allied planes patrolled the sea on the hunt for Axis subs and aircraft while still more hovered protectively over unloading ships at Oran, Algiers, and Bone. And bombers and fighters carried the fight to the enemy, attacking their sea and air supply lines from Sardinia and Sicily.

On land Americans and British formed a ring around Bizerte and Tunis about thirty miles from the two cities, and closed in for the big blow. They were joined by French colonial troops, some from Tunisia, and others who had been fighting the Americans a week before in Algeria. In the face of German bombers the Allied column struck from Algeria over the coastal spur of the Atlas Mountains across Tunisia until they reached the Mediterranean on the east, cutting the Axis troops in Bizerte and Tunis off from any possible aid from Tripoli or Marshal Rommel's depleted forces. In clashes of advance forces the Allies threw the Germans back and knocked out some tanks, but the world still waited for the first great test of the Americans against Germans.

Various reports indicated a Fighting French column was moving on Tripoli from Lake Chad in French Equatorial Africa. No one knew how long it would take them to negotiate the shifting dunes and camel tracks of the burning Sahara but meanwhile the British 8th Army split in two parts, one taking undefended Bengazi and the other pushing South to cut off stragglers in the retreat, and Rommel pondered a difficult choice between a last stand at El Agheila and a drive to join the forces in Tunisia. Whichever he made, the pincers were closing in.

Navy Still Tops

THE Japanese fleet, withdrawing to the Northwest after taking a three day licking in an attempt to dislodge the Americans from Guadalcanal, counted heavy losses numbering two battleships, five to eight cruisers, five or six destroyers and twelve transports sunk; one or two more battleships, one cruiser, and six or seven destroyers damaged. Perhaps 40,000 Jap soldiers and sailors had died in this engagement—and all the Japanese could claim in exchange for these losses were two American cruisers and six destroyers. In the first naval slugfest of this war lightweights had knocked heavyweights onto the ropes.

Before the battle Admiral William F. Halsey, Jr., COMSOPAC, gave the men on Guadalcanal his formula for winning the war: "Kill Japs. Kill Japs. Kill more Japs. Sink ships. Sink ships. And sink more ships." The men followed his formula.

The beating that Admiral Halsey's ships gave the Japs changed the whole picture of the war in the South Pacific. The men on Guadalcanal were the first to take advantage of this change. Now that the United States had real naval superiority there, American men and supplies could flow freely to the island and Japanese reinforcements could really be cut off. Marines and soldiers attacked 1500 Japs landed to the east of their positions, killed at least 750 of them, and drove the rest into the malaria-infested jungle.

News of the naval victory also encouraged the Australians and Americans moving in for a death struggle with the Japanese on the north shore of New Guinea. The Japanese, who had been pushed back across the mountains and down to the shore, were now ready to make a desperate stand before they were pushed into the sea. Finally they had reached a well fortified triangle between Buna and Gona, ten miles apart on the coast, and Soputa, eight miles inland. Australians hammering from the North and Americans pushing from the South met the toughest resistance of a tough jungle campaign. From fixed positions the Japs poured machine gun fire and mortar fire on the advancing troops. Zeros, in bad weather that kept American planes grounded, strafed the lines.

However, to General MacArthur, who had set up field headquarters near the advancing troops, the situation still looked promising. When a force of eight Jap warships approached Buna to strengthen the men there, his Flying Fortresses accurately blasted a cruiser and two destroyers and sent the others fleeing. . . . It looked as if the turning point in the Pacific had followed close on the heels of the turning point in Africa.

Soviets Stage Comeback

IN last week's winter weather Marshal Semyon Timoshenko began his big offensive. On two sectors, northwest and south of Stalingrad, Russian soldiers punched gaping holes in the poorly defended flanks of the German salient. Pouring through the gaps, they advanced from forty to fifty miles in three days, routing seven divisions of perhaps 100,000 men, inflicting heavy losses on eleven other divisions, killing or capturing 43,000 Nazis. Closing in toward each other, these two forces occupied the rail towns of Kalach and Abganerovo, cutting off the German troops east of the Don River from all rail communication with their rear.

In or near the rubble of Stalingrad 375,000 Germans had grim days ahead of them. The street-to-street fighting that had gone on for the city since August 23 had cost them 300,000 dead, 1200 tanks destroyed, and 1500 planes. Now, while they still poured reserves into what the Russians called the crematorium of the German Army, they faced being caught in a trap with the Red Army attacking them from both the front or the rear, or admitting defeat and retreating from the city for which they had fought so hard.

While the winter offensive was still in its opening stages, observers hoped that it would not only relieve Stalingrad but also drive to the south and cut off the German forces in the Caucasus. But even prior to the new offensive the situation there was greatly improved by a decisive Russian victory. In the region of Orjinikidze, at the end of the Georgian Military Highway over the Caucasus, the Soviets finally smashed and drove back a Nazi drive for the oil fields of Grozny. Five thousand Germans were killed, twice that number wounded, and many more fled into the forests to escape the Red fury.

All along the thousand mile front, from Volkhov on the north to Tuapse near the Black Sea, lesser engagements cost the Germans lives, guns, planes and tanks. The Russians had promised they would give the Germans no time to breath this winter. They were keeping their promise.

French Hand It Over

THE Allied hold on Africa was strengthened still more by the bloodless coup of Dakar. On Nov. 23 Governor-General Pierre Boisson, High Commissioner of French West Africa, handed the colony over to Admiral Jean Francois Darlan, now on the Allied side against the Axis. Without a shot being fired the Allied forces gained control of a heavily fortified port that the Axis for two and a half years had coveted for a U-boat base and jumping off point for the Americas, only 1605 miles away. Thirty-two French warships, 500 planes, and 50,000 troops were added to the growing Allied strength in Africa. Axis propagandists who for months had yelped about a possible invasion of Dakar sputtered as it came peacefully into the Allied camp.

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U.S. Army fliers in Libyan desert with a captured swastika. Photo was made by YANK's Sgt. George Aarons and radioed from Cairo.

Yanks at Home and Abroad

OUR MEN REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE WORLD ON MATTERS RANGING FROM BOMBING TRIPOLI TO ALASKAN TENTS

Army Air Forces Follow Marines To Tripoli and Knock It Cold

By SGT. BURGESS H. SCOTT
YANK Field Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN LIBYA (By Wireless)—Lying on my stomach on the flight deck of a B-24, I watched Tripoli get its second pounding from the fist of Uncle Sam. The first time was more than a century ago when Marines were sent to calm the Tripolitan pirates; this time it was Yank airmen pounding, hurling many tons of bombs into the warehouses and harbor works of that last large North African seaport.

In the bitter, bright sunlight of the stratosphere I watched billows of smoke and flame rise up as countless yellow heavyweights streaked into the neat rows of harborside warehouses and installations. The raid was a complete surprise to the Axis defenders. No fighters opposed us. A few flak batteries spoke feebly, and I watched their shells burst far below like golfballs in the sky. Later waves of U. S. and British bombers reported an increase of flak, but there were no hits.

Our ship—"Daisy Mae"—and two sisters took off from their temporary forward base, forming one element of the Tripoli mission. At the controls was Capt. Paul Francis, 25, of Hollywood, who had one ship shot from under him during a recent raid, but who held the riddled plane together until the crew bailed out safely in the desert.

"A bombing flight is usually several hours of boredom," Francis said, "then maybe several minutes of excitement. Don't look for too much."

The crew's pastime during the long hours it took to approach Tripoli was interphone harmonizing. Francis stopped the singing to make an announcement that the plane had a guest aboard—meaning me—who must pay for his passage with a song. I sang "Darktown Strutters' Ball," which they accepted as part payment.

Several hours later Daisy Mae got the signal to climb to high altitude from which to do her bombing. Francis set the nose at a steep angle and the big bomber started grinding into the blue. I watched the altimeter needle wind around, ticking off thousands upon thousands of feet. At a certain point I saw the pilot put on his oxygen mask. I did the same. He signaled for an adjustment of the oxygen flow and we droned steadily upwards, piling on more thousands of feet of altitude.

The windows began to frost. You could feel the bleak stratosphere closing in. The little flight deck heater buzzed in a friendly way and I edged closer. When we hit the proper altitude the pilot signaled that the bomb-bay doors were open.

I slid up the door between me and the bomb bay and leaned into the bitterest cold I ever felt. The thermometer read 10° below, but in that rushing void the cold felt greater than any instrument could record. Swirling cold touched my mask tube and froze beads of moisture inside. I swallowed a mouthful of snowflakes.

The pure sunlight of that high altitude seeped into the plane, throwing a weird light on the yellow bombs, hung on racks like baby whales. The freezing void gnawed my ears and fingers as I leaned out farther and scribbled my initials on the blunt nose of the nearest bomb. As I wrote, the maze of release machinery shifted slightly

Standing in front of his ambulance is John Don, 50, of Tucson, Ariz., an American Field Service Volunteer driver. He was commended for saving the lives of ten wounded men during a recent action in the Libyan Desert.

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Yanks at Home and Abroad

U.S. Air Force ground crews examine German and Italian papers on what once was an Axis airfield in Libya. Photo, made by a YANK correspondent, was radioed from Cairo.

and I saw the indicator move from Safe to Salvo. We were almost ready.

The clouds we had been passing through parted and below, through thousands of feet of crystal-clear space, I saw Tripoli. There was a long mole curving out toward the sea like a crooked finger, forming a harbor. At the base of that finger was the teeming warehouse district. The harbor was crowded with ships of various sizes.

When the bombs of the other planes went streaking down they were traceable as yellow pinpoints against the deep blue Mediterranean. I saw several of those pinpoints disappear into the neat rectangles that were Axis warehouses. A column of white smoke and fire shot up, followed by a black plume of smoke that drifted across the mile-wide harbor, indicating a fire. Later explosions proved that the buildings had contained ammunition.

All this happened in a few seconds, and I shifted my gaze in time to see our bombs leave their racks. Big as they were, they went without sound, causing no tremor. They seemed to pause beneath the plane for a fraction of a second, then went into their long descent. I saw them whack into a couple of ships by the breakwater, and I'm sure we added a vessel to the score. A later wave of American bombers reported seeing a blasted, smoking vessel being towed across the harbor. Maybe the bomb I initialled did the trick.

As we highballed home, we gathered on the flight deck and ate a memorable meal. It was composed of cans of field rations, warmed on a gasoline heater.

Swing Band Drummer in Bermuda Finds the Army Full of Characters

BERMUDA—After being described by his former boss, Louis Prima, as one of the greatest, most promising young drummers on the swing horizon, Pvt. Louis Vadala was drafted and is now in Bermuda playing in a really terrific five piece non-G.I. jazz combo.

Here's how Vadala describes his army career:

"The Army is a drag. To begin with I might state the fact that I'm a cat who gets a solid kick from digging squares and characters. Being in the Army has afforded me a great deal of this pleasure. The last band I was with was Louis Prima. Solid outfit. I was with Prima for about a year and a half. Talk about kicks—look out, man, it was too much. I was drafted in March of '41. What a bringdown!

"From Upton I went to Texas, then to Minnesota. Got stationed at Fort Snelling which is situated between the twin cities. A fine joint but talk about characters—look out. That's where I met them all. I used to go out most every night meeting and digging the fine musicians at Mitch's Café and chicks who resided in the twin cities and come back in the wee hours of the morning to find those Squaretown boys prancing the barracks floors and griping because everybody slept too late—6 a.m.—and because they didn't have Bessie to milk. Being in my usual gauged-up state of mind after a solid night, I'd just lay on my bunk and shriek with laughter. Those characters are too much, man. I stayed at Snelling for nine months getting lots of kicks, drags and bringdowns; and lots of solid training, lookout. Hikes, details, inspections and whatnot. It's a terrific life, man. Don't lose it!

"I then left for an unknown place. It turned out to be Bermuda. WHERE ARE THE WOMEN?

"Well, anyway, I've become solidly set here. I'm a member of a solid little outfit composed of five men. Piano played by one of the finest cats, Paul Russell, who has been with Ina Ray Hutton, Raymond Scott. Paul was the 14th piano man Scott tried and the only one he hung on to for any great length of time.

"We really keep on the go out here and the kicks and boots are plentiful. It's really too much to dig these plowboys who try to jump to our 52nd Street jive. There are times when the joint we're playing sounds like a stampede of horses. They have a tendency to do a polka while we're knocking ourselves out with 'A Train' or some other mess. What characters!"

CPL. WILLIAM PENE DU BOIS
YANK'S BERMUDA CORRESPONDENT

Air Force Baker in India Ignores Bombs to Save His Chocolate Cakes

A U. S. ARMY AIRBASE IN NORTHERN INDIA—If ever the G.I.s have a medal of their own to bestow on other G.I.s, Sgt. William Hagedorn will probably be in the first line of receivers.

Hagedorn, 31, of New Ulm, Minn., is baker in the mess hall of this India-China air transport command base. Neither bombs nor bullets can stay this "dough"-boy from the faithful pursuit of his bakers' art.

On a recent Sunday, Sgt. Hagedorn was happily mixing pink icing to adorn five chocolate marble cakes already baking in the ovens. Into this peaceful scene intruded the Japs. As the air-raid alert sounded the mess hall became almost deserted in nothing flat. Cooks and KPs grabbed their gas masks and helmets and took off for the nearest slit trenches.

We say almost deserted because Hagedorn remained to give the icing another flip. Suddenly he remembered that he had forgotten his gas mask at the barracks a hundred yards away, so he tripled-timed it to his bunk. As he grabbed the mask he suddenly remembered his precious cakes. They'd be ruined. Either they'd burn before the "all clear" sounded or would fall from the concussion of bursting bombs.

The Jap planes were overhead, but he dashed, not to the trenches but to the kitchen as the bombs fell uncomfortably close. Carefully he withdrew his gems from the ovens and laid them on a table. Then he lit out for the slit trenches, diving into one of them just as the Jap Zeros came over to follow up the bombers.

When the all clear sounded a half hour later, Hagedorn was first out of the trench. Swiftly he dashed to the kitchen. The cakes were undamaged. Back into the ovens they went to complete baking.

But a few hours later the cakes were completely demolished—by voracious dogfaces.

Hagedorn has been an Army baker two years, at Camp Robinson, Ark. and Scott Field, Ill. as well as at this base.

YANK INDIA CORRESPONDENT

How to Sleep in a U.S. Army Tent During a Very Cold Night in Alaska

SOMEWHERE IN ALASKA—To sleep in an army tent you must be very tired. If you're tired, you've done a good day's work. If you sleep in a bed roll, curl up inside and fasten the top. This will keep out the cold and protect you from germs. If the bed falls down—ignore it.

Sleeping experts say an individual changes position in bed every 24 hours. Correction: an individual changes position in bed 24 hours a night. Don't let this worry you. It's only your

Pvt. Loren Hall of Niagara Falls stands guard at one of our North Atlantic bases.

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In Guadalcanal, these Marines take a break before continuing their march to meet the Japs.

unconscious mind at work. Some people sleep sounder than others. If you can't wake up—see a doctor.

The more men living in a tent, the better. They can take turns keeping the fire burning. If they desire they can let the fire go out and shiver all night. Shifts should be of two hour duration so no one gets any sleep. Put plenty of wood in the stove. If the tent catches on fire, run for water, yell for help or pay no attention to what is happening.

Book shelves containing the best in murder mysteries and detective story magazines will help the looks of a tent and prove that you can read. Photographs of lovely ladies of the stage and screen in low cut evening gowns curled about them to show their shapely legs can be fastened on the walls.

If you dislike sleeping in a tent you can always sleep on the ground.

PVT. DONALD SEELY
YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

Who Said the Scenery Was Nice On This Alaskan Highway Detail?

SOMEWHERE ON THE ALCAN MILITARY HIGHWAY—Reams and reams of copy have been pounded out by eager newshawks set on getting an exclusive on that glorious adventure of the Army Engineers known as "The Building of the Alaskan Highway."

A lot of writing has been true, and a lot has been sheer fiction. Even the photographs show only as much of the actual construction and route as military censorship allows. It has often been painted as a glamorous job and yet when it comes down to actual writing about the road, the road is usually made secondary to the scenery and incidental details.

The hardships have been glossed over as something like those of a camping trip. Even the bugs have been glamorized. The reporters have raved about the hunting and fishing opportunities enjoyed by the men in O.D. and fatigues, and the glorious vacation that the boys are having at G.I. expense. Somehow they all seem to have missed the point—that it takes sweat and strain and heartbreak and physical super-endurance to build a road in this country.

Hack and slash and tear and rip and blast. Build a raft, ferry a "cat," ford a stream and dam a river. Snake up one side of a mountain and cut your way down the other with axe, machete and brush hook. Stick your D-8 in a morass and then bust your back trying to retrieve bogged-down equipment. Fight mud until you are purple with rage. Then when you think you have the obstacle conquered it rains—heavy, drenching rain. And now where is the road?

The next shift will find it is now nothing but a tracing in the mud. This will mean chopping down half a forest and lugging in timber for the rough and tedious job of corduroying.

For months, the Engineers have been working on this highway. Months of sweat and toil and vicious little bugs and pests, without seeing a civilian or anything that looks like a town. Most of us have even forgotten what a white woman looks like. It's a battle with the wilderness in the daytime for a few more precious miles, then, at night, bunk in a canvas pyramidal. Radio reception has been practically worthless; newspapers come in the mail call weeks old. But still the boys are taking it cheerfully.

In the months to come, when freezing weather sets in and the days grow shorter, these road-builders are going to find themselves with a little extra time on their hands. The Special Services Office of this sector, in conjunction with the local Red Cross field administrator, is doing its best to see that they'll have entertainment during the long winter nights. So far they've come up with a dance band (G.I. version) to perform wherever the men may be; free movies featuring the latest Hollywood releases; all-purpose athletic and entertainment kits with both long- and short-wave radios, a phonograph and records, two circulating libraries of more than 10,000 volumes, and chess sets, checker sets and ping-pong tables. For the men around the base and those who can get to town, they are building a clubhouse containing canteen and recreation rooms and, believe it or not, a real honest-to-goodness bowling alley and basketball court.

The attitude of all the Engineer soldiers engaged in this historic highway project can be summed up best in the words of one of our fellow dogfaces, a Chinese inductee, who innocently remarked the other day: "Maybe this outfit not too damn much G.I., but she sure plenty chopped on the ball."

PFC. S. J. JANOV
YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

Rescued after three weeks afloat on a raft in the Pacific, Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker was still able to show a grin as he sat in a jeep. Six other members of plane crew were also saved.

Was the Austrailian Censor's Face Red When He Passed This Item

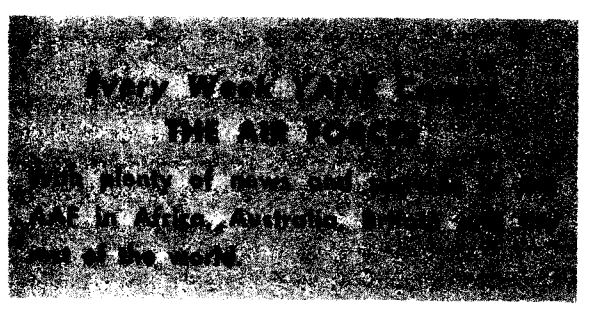
SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA—In this part of the world it's usually the censors who have the last laugh, but Sgt. Alfred Damon Marshall, of Boston, had one at their expense the other day.

While on maneuvers in the Carolinas last year, one of his buddies took a picture of him. They both forgot the incident until a couple of weeks ago, when they were looking over some old negatives Marshall's friend had brought across the Pacific and happened to find the snapshot.

Marshall had a print made and, when it came out pretty well, decided to mail a copy home. He put the picture in an envelope, wrote "Photograph enclosed" on the outside, and dropped it in the company mail box.

A few days later the picture came back, bearing evidence of the censors' disapproval. Their reason for rejecting it? They said the background gave away too much information about the Australian landscape.

YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT



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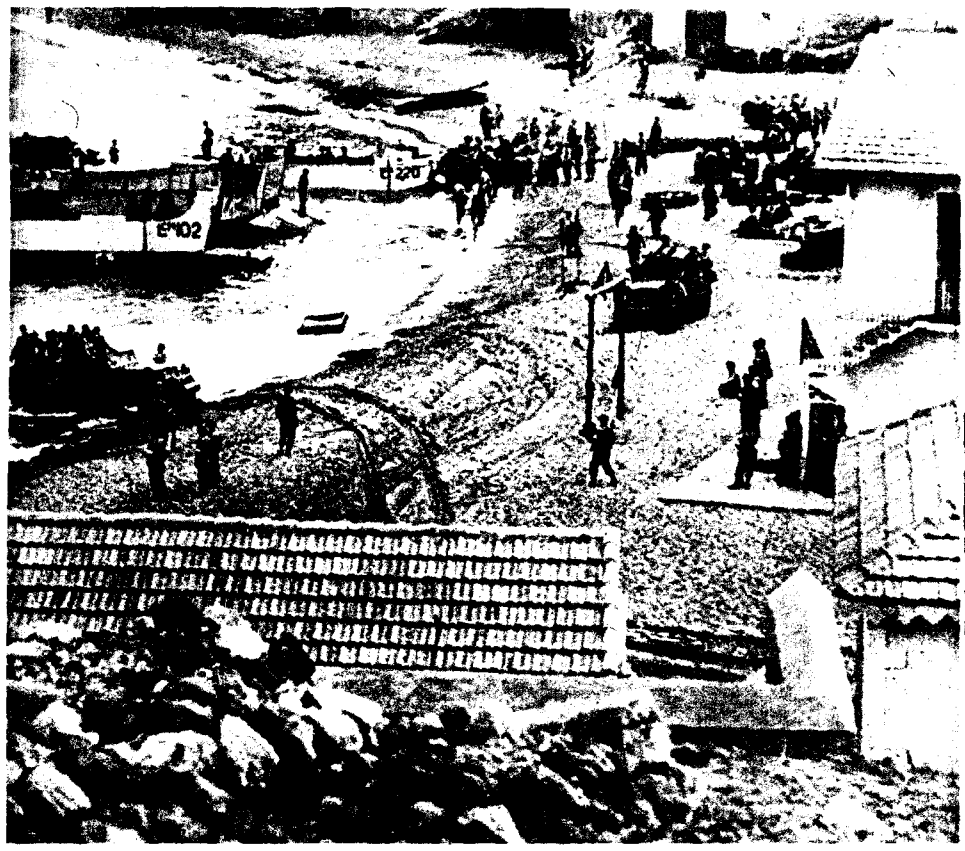

ON THE BEACH, during occupation of Algeria, American troops watch a half-track emerge from the water while barges land equipment.

WITH THE FLAG carried before them, U. S. soldiers march along a North African road to take the Maison Blanche airdrome near Algiers.

Yanks at Home and Abroad

OUR MEN REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE WORLD ON MATTERS RANGING FROM AIR FORCE JINXES TO FLYING DOGS

Here's One Jap in New Guinea Who Happens to Be a Nice Guy

SOMEWHERE IN NEW GUINEA—Sgt. Joe Smith, with the American ground forces here, will never be captured by the Japs. Joe's a stocky, cheerful college graduate who speaks flawless English, and he speaks with solemn determination when he swears the Japs will never take him alive. He knows he wouldn't stay alive long if they did take him, and that his last moments would not be conspicuously comfortable. You see, Joe Smith is Japanese himself.

The sergeant's real name, of course, isn't Joe Smith. But although he himself was born in California and never left that state until he was shipped overseas, he thinks he has a few distant cousins somewhere in Japan, who won't be hurt by what the Emperor's agents don't know.

Sgt. Joe is an interpreter. Strangely enough, he couldn't read a word of Japanese and could speak it only haltingly when he was drafted almost two years ago. His parents came to the States when they were children, and Joe was brought up in a household where English was the only language spoken. He never had any Japanese friends, even, until he went to college.

After he served five months in the infantry as a machine gunner in a heavy weapons platoon, the Army, impressed by his high I.Q., selected him to take a full year course in Japanese at an intelligence school. Along with some other outstanding students, he polished off the tough course in six months. He's fairly fluent at Japanese now, but English is still his favorite language.

The prisoners Joe has interviewed haven't been particularly surprised, he says, to find a fellow who looks sort of like themselves—except friendlier—wearing a Yank sergeant's uniform. "They don't express any emotion," Joe says. "They seem kinda glad to have me there, in fact. They never ask me any questions, though some of them try to bum an American cigarette off me."

You'd think that Joe might have trouble with American sentries who don't know that there's a valuable Japanese on their side, but so far he hasn't had any embarrassing experiences along that line. For one thing, he sticks pretty close to soldiers who know him. (Incidentally, they think he's one hell of a nice guy.) Not long ago, though, he hitch-hiked down a New Guinea road for a couple of miles, and was picked up by a couple of drivers who, for all they said, might have taken him for a sergeant whose parents came over on the Mayflower. "A lot of people," Joe explains, "take me for a Chinese."

Last Dec. 7, Joe was attending school. "When I heard about Pearl Harbor," he says, "I knew I'd be useful." He was right. The Army made him a buck sergeant and shipped him off across the Pacific with the AEF. "When I got my sergeancy," Joe says, "there wasn't a prouder family in the United States than mine."

Joe, who is 24, has a kid brother who's a clerk in an Army camp in the middle west. He has an older brother, who was evacuated to a camp in Arizona with other Japanese from California. Joe visited the camp just before sailing overseas, and says that his brother wasn't especially bitter about being there. "It was pretty much like an Army camp," says Sgt. Smith.

Although Joe majored in chemistry at college, he went into horticulture afterward. With his brothers, he operated a flourishing lemon ranch. He doesn't know whether or not he'll go back there when the war's over; he has a hunch he might be useful to our Army of Occupation in Japan.

Sgt. Smith doesn't have any more trouble with the censors than any other soldier, because he can't write a letter in Japanese and doesn't know anybody who'd be apt to write him one. Before joining the Army, he never went to a Japanese movie and never read a Japanese newspaper or magazine; he couldn't understand them. He'd been to Japanese restaurants, once in a great while, but on the whole prefers Chinese ones. He can take sukiyaki or leave it alone; give him a bowl of chow mein any time.

Since coming to New Guinea, Joe had his closest shave when a Jap bomb whistled down to earth less than a hundred yards from his trench. He says he didn't like the way that bomb hissed, and if his wishes come true there soon won't be any Japs in a position to drop bombs on loyal Americans like Joe Smith.

SGT. E. J. KAHN JR.
YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

Everything Happens to Sgt. Jonah, Jinx of the Air Forces in Australia

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA—Short, black haired Ralph T. Morris of Lexington, N. C., was a water heater salesman until three years ago. Now he's a radio operator with a buck sergeant's rating in a big Douglas transport plane attached to a troop carrier unit here and the pilots call him "Jonah" because of his reputation for putting the jinx on any ship that he works in.

"I've been in 14 crack-ups of one sort or another," he explains calmly in his slow Carolina drawl. "I'll tell you about a few of them but promise me you won't write that I was born on Friday the 13th, walked under a ladder, broke a mirror or let a black cat cross my path. None of them things ever happened to me.

"If anything, I'm lucky. I haven't even been scratched.

"When we were up in Bandoeng, Java, evacuating the place with Flying Fortresses, the airfield received a report that Jap bombers were heading our way. Our plane crew jumped in to fly the fortress away before the Japs came, but it was too late. The Jap bombers roared overhead. Our pilot told the crew to run for the slit trenches because there was no time to take off. Back in the rear gunner's nest I couldn't hear him above the roar of the motors.

"A bomb landed smack in the middle of the plane, demolishing it except the rear gunner's nest. After the raid I crawled out and started looking through the wreckage for the bodies of the rest of the crew. I was sure the poor devils had been blasted to smithereens. I couldn't find a trace so I went to the operations room to report that the rest of the crew had been killed.

"Boy, was I surprised when the operations officer told me the rest of the crew saw the plane bombed from their slit trenches and had just been in to report *me* killed!

"Another time I had the dubious honor of being

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BATTLE READY Yanks, uniforms stained to blend with jungle, land in New Guinea. They joined the Aussies in keeping the Japs on the run.

ON THE ROAD to Buna in New Guinea these American and Australian soldiers came on remains of Japanese dead lying in a jungle thicket.

in the only troop carrier plane ever hit by Japanese aircraft fire. It happened when we were dumping supplies over New Guinea. We headed back for Australia after emptying our cargo over the Aussies, but we developed engine trouble and had to make an ocean landing in the Coral Sea. We floated 20 hours before a freighter picked us up.

"One Douglas I was in caught fire and we all had to bail out. A couple of Lockheeds I worked in washed out in forced landings.

"Somehow or other, the pilots around here have gotten the idea that I am a jinx and they always prepare for the worst whenever I climb into one of their ships. But can I help it?"

YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

No K.P. or Latrine Orderly Jobs At This Army Air Depot in India

SOMEWHERE IN INDIA [by cable] — No latrine duty or K.P. for any G.I., a mess hall open twenty-four hours a day so you can get a sandwich and a cup of coffee any time you feel like it, a servant boy to clean your tent, make up your bunk, and shine your shoes every day—no, buddy, that isn't the place where good little G.I.'s go after having led a life strictly according to the Articles of War. Nor is it Camp Goldbrick. It's a U.S. Army Air Force depot right here in India.

This depot is the main repair and supply station for all U.S. aircraft in the China-Burma-India theater. Most of the men are Air Force specialists, engineers, machinists, and mechanics. The rest of them are in Services of Supply or administrative posts. There's a big job being done here and it takes skilled men to do it.

So, on the depot commander's orders, the menial tasks around camp like K.P. and latrine duties are done by natives employed by the post. That eliminates the necessity of pulling skilled soldiers from technical duties to do run-of-the-mill service details. Likewise, the G.I.'s are authorized to hire native servant boys to keep their quarters in order for a couple of rupees a week. That relieves them from small tasks that cut in on their free time, for the old man figures a soldier who does a full day's work is entitled to uninterrupted off-duty hours for rest and relaxation. By the same token passes to town are easily obtainable when a man is off duty.

The Old Man also keeps an eye out for the health of his men. Rather than have them getting a late snack at some native restaurant where impure food might result in dysentery or more serious illnesses, he has ordered that one mess hall be kept open all night. A G.I. can get a midnight lunch there with no questions asked by the mess sergeant.

All of which doesn't mean that the G.I.'s here have found a home in India. There are seamier sides to the picture, like daily dust storms which sweep through the camp leaving inch deep coverings of sand in their wake, and armies of malaria carrying mosquitos which make sleeping under mosquito bars necessary, plus the discomforts during the monsoon months of sloshing through ankle deep mud and wearing damp clothes for weeks at a time.

This camp is also unusual because probably more than any U.S. army base in foreign countries today, it combines the modern American mechanical methods with the ancient craftsmanship of native Indian laborers, who work with tools and equipment that were in use centuries before the Christian era.

The runways here are being built largely by native labor. Thousands of tons of hand crushed rock form the base of the runway, topped by another layer of smaller rocks and finished off with a layer of asphalt. The rock is hauled here in bullock and camel carts and on the backs of hundreds of burros—strange contrasts to the massive Army trucks which speed around the camp on other duties.

All the rock is laid by hand, with whole families of Indians doing the job. Abdul senior and Abdul junior in white turbans and sarong-like dhotis work beside veiled but barefooted Mrs. Abdul and daughter Bimla, who dress in the colorful saris that cover them completely from ankle to head. Mrs. Abdul and Bimla toil just as hard as the two male Abduls, lugging large rocks around on their heads as perfectly as a trained seal balancing a rubber ball on its nose.

A shortage of water pipe and lack of pumping equipment has resulted in another strange combination of native and American methods at this camp. Unable to hook up to the central water system in the nearby town, the camp depends upon 50 foot wells dug by hand for its water supply. The water is raised to the surface by ox teams harnessed to crudely made native pullies, which bring up the water in ten gallon bags made of goat skin. It is then dumped into a G.I. made reservoir, where it is chlorinated and purified by the usual Army methods before being pumped off to mess halls and shower rooms.

But in the depot's airplane engine overhaul plant, the strangest blending of the new and the old world takes place. Here in a modernized work shop that looks like the interior of an aircraft plant back in the United States, American soldiers in coveralls work side by side with bearded, turbaned moslems and head-shaven hindus in long white coats and jodhpur-like pants.

The Indians have shown exceptional aptitude for such detailed work, an outgrowth of the skill inherited from their ancestors who were among the world's first great craftsmen. Soon they will have become so adapted to American mechanical methods that their G.I. instructors will be released for more advanced duties at this rapidly expanding air depot, which keeps 'em flying in the China-Burma-India theater.

YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

Roger, Bomber's Husky Dog Mascot, Sips Milk During 7,000 Foot Dive

A NORTH ATLANTIC BASE — An AAF corporal from Columbus, Ohio, named Oyer, in the crew of a bomber somewhere overseas now, took a cardboard box across the ocean with him. On it was stamped the following:

"19 lbs. net wt.—COFFEE ISSUE R & G—PQM—

"FOR STOCK RATIONS

"CU. FT. .83."

From that box emerges, now and then, one of the bomber's crew—a Labrador husky dog called "Interphone" and nicknamed "Roger" (the radioman's term for "I gotcha," or the phonetic symbol for the letter R).

Roger was getting up in the Army—attained the rating himself of corporal, ranking beside his master for a while—but he goofed off somehow and when last seen was a PFC.

"Roger is happiest at high altitudes," says the corporal. "Then he sleeps."

In the midst of a 7,000-foot dive one day, Roger awoke and began to sip milk contentedly. He was weaned with a dropper at the beginning of his travels. To his many admirers, the Air Force lads took care to issue a warning:

"This is a combat unit, so the guy that steals Roger better look out for himself."

YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

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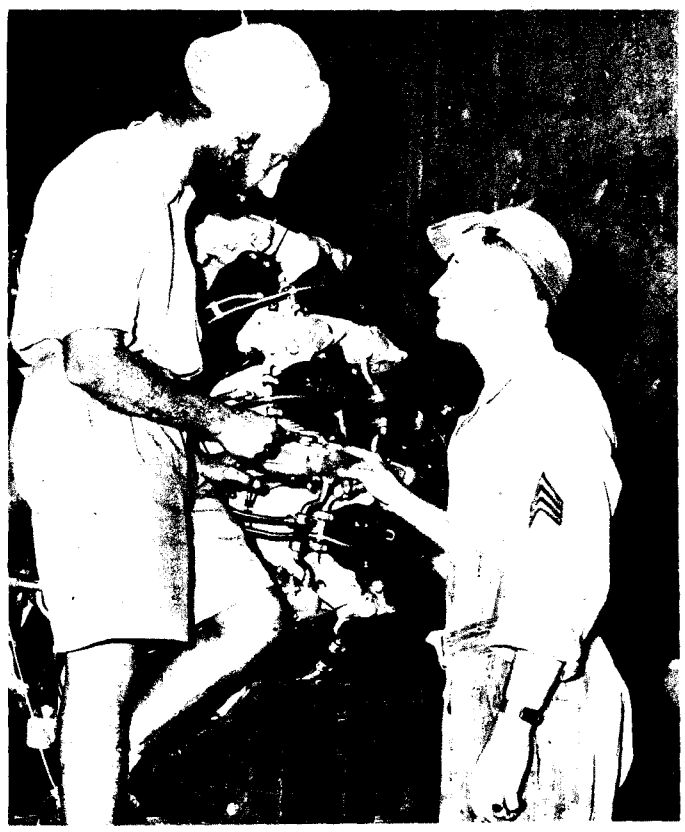
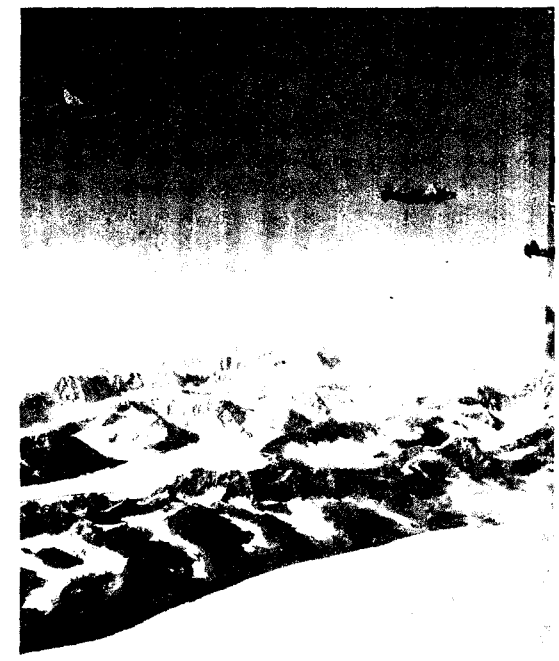


INDIA FOR KICKS. Ismar Singh, Moslem mechanic at a U. S. Army airplane depot in India, gets some good tips on fixing an engine from Sgt. George Spohn, who's a long way from Camden, N. J.

Somewhere in Australia, the well-known jeep proves it's no midget in strength by carrying 15 members of the Army Air Forces, every one of them worth his weight in wings. Jeeps can fly, too.

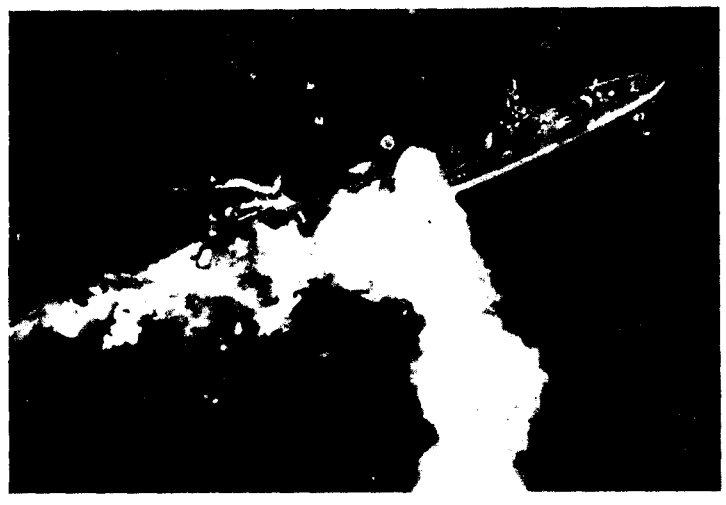


This pretty picture was mac when three Army planes flew over Mt. McKinle In addition to pretty pictures, cold Alaska has pr duced some pretty hot fighting for our flie

BATTLE SCARS. This B-24 bomber had to plough through a barrage of anti-aircraft fire when it raided Bengazi in Libya. Capt. H. W. Edmonds, pilot, and crew examine some 200 Axis-made holes.

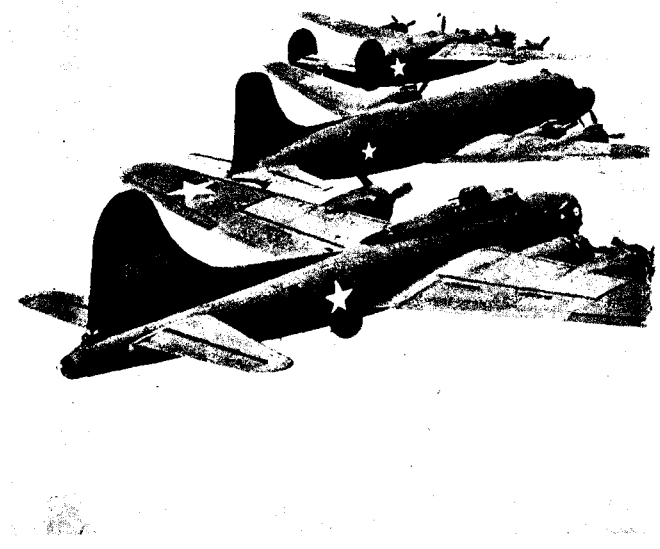
CARIBBEAN WATCH. Fighter pilots have to keep on the alert in this area, just as much as on combat fronts. Here, at a hidden base in the jungle, they wait near their planes.

IN CHINA TOO. No matter where you (or Wendell Willkie) might go you're sure to run into some guys with wings. Here in Chungking, are (l. to r.): Sgts. William B. Moles, Gustaf Wagner, Royce R. Johnson, and S. J. McArthur.



POTTED JAP. American bombardier was right on the beam when he drew a bead on Jap destroyer off Normandy Island in the South Pacific. A GHQ communique reported ship was observed sinking.

HELPING HAND. Women assist the Army Air Forces to do their job: Mrs. Nancy H. Love is commander of the Women's Auxiliary Ferry Squadron, known as the WAFS.



MIGHTY TRIO. When a camera clicked on this scene, it was first time that these famous sky ships had ever been "cau together. From front to rear they are: a Flying Fortress, a Skymaster combat transport and a B-24 Liberator bom

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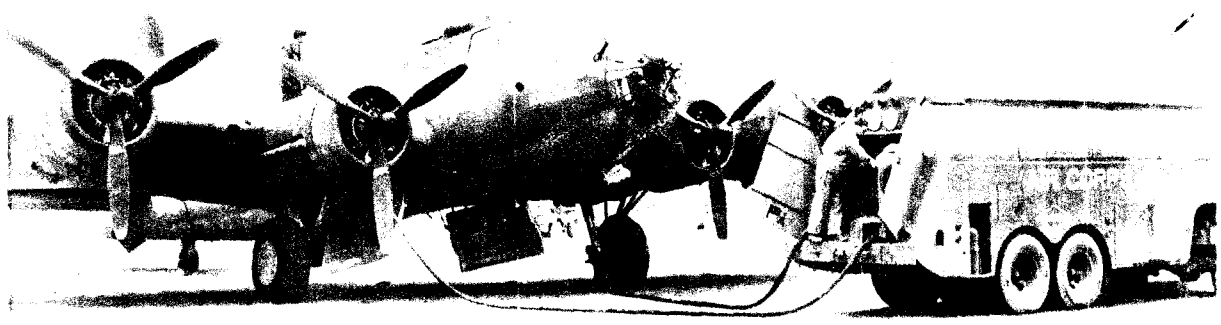

Ground crew gets to work on one of our Flying Fortresses, giving it a big drink of gasoline and making sure it's ready all over for one of its devastating raids on Nazi bases. Record of the Flying Fort has been one of the war's best, surpassing most optimistic estimates.

Many automobiles attached to the U. S. Army Air Forces in London are driven by English girls. Drivers wear arm patch to show where their work (and in some cases their hearts) lies.

If you look at the faces of pilot, bombardier, gunner, navigator, and all the rest who make up this bomber crew, you might deduce their raid on the Japs was successful.

The airplane permits Chaplain Lester C. Doerr to cover a wide area in the Southwest Pacific where he's shown distributing copies of the New Testament to a group of U. S. soldiers.

At an advanced American air base somewhere in the Libyan desert, Col. Ed. Backus swings a potent pick to dig a slit trench for protection against Axis air attacks. American fliers contributed mightily to the rout of Rommel.

High above an active volcano on one of the Solomon Islands, soars a Flying Fort, en route to an appointment with a Jap naval unit. U. S. air and naval units have cooperated in whipping the Japs here.

A student aerial gunner is on his way to a practice session at Harlingen Field, Tex., where tough Axis-killers are made.

A [illegible] TO [illegible] Natives in Liberia use hand-woven baskets to carry off rocks as they put a stretch of ground into shape for the landing of American cargo and war planes. Allies have been extremely fortunate in retaining the friendship of natives.

When men at Waller Field, Trinidad, go to Post Theatre, war stays with them. Cpl. Fred Marzec, of Chicago, shows one of his new wall decorations to Col. Walter M. Gross.

A[illegible]CE. Pvt. Claude Benjamin (the boy at the piano) of Morris Field, Charlotte, N. C., is the talented soldier who wrote the music for the hit "When The Lights Go On Again."

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NEWS FROM HOME

SKIMMING THE WEEK ON THE HOME FRONT

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT reported that lend-lease operations for October were a third higher than for any previous month. More than $915,000,000 worth of goods and services were furnished to our allies.

Completed in seven months and seventeen days, the Alaska-Canada Highway, a 1,600-mile weapon against Japan, was dedicated and opened. . . . Cyrus S. Eaton, founder of Republic Steel Corporation, announced discovery in Ontario of a vast lake-covered deposit of hard-lode iron ore, the largest on the continent.

The maximum size of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps was increased from 25,000 to 150,000. . . . The title "Woman of the Year," awarded by the Women's National Institute, was split between Lieut. Helen L. Summers and Capt. Florence MacDonald, last Army nurses to leave Corregidor. . . . Though he claimed that women learn better and faster than men, the harassed president of the American Society of Tool Engineers commented: "You can't imagine the infinite number of ways a girl can find to get into trouble in an industrial plant."

Lashing at racial discrimination in war industry, Clare Boothe Luce, Republican representative-elect from Connecticut, said: "Every colored worker barred from the factory will, in the end, cost the life of some American soldier." . . . Duke Ellington's son, Mercer, and Count Basie are headed for the Army.

Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Freed have reason to smile after her miracle landing.

Surprised Housewife Takes Wild Ride Through the Clouds in Runaway Plane

GALESBURG, ILL.—Attractive Mrs. B. A. Freed, 40-year-old housewife, was sitting in her husband's small two-passenger plane this week while waiting for her husband to fly her home to Moline. Let her take it away from there:

"Somehow the brake was released. Suddenly I knew the ship was moving—heading for the hangar. I grabbed for the wheel and pushed a button. I guess it was the tnrottle. I missed the hangar all right and thanked my stars for that. Then I looked out. I was up in the air and climbing higher."

Her husband and Airport Manager Arthur Curry watched open-mouthed from the ground as the small ship zoomed up at a steep angle to almost 2,000 feet.

"I tried to remember how my husband drove the thing, but I was in the wrong seat and everything I did seemed to be backwards. I crawled over to the driver's seat and eased up on the wheel. The thing steered just like a car, I found. I kept it going around in big circles and wondered how I'd ever get it down."

When Freed told Curry that his wife knew nothing about flying, Curry quickly ordered the field cleared of a score of other planes and called an ambulance.

"I don't know how long it took me to work up nerve enough to try a landing," said Mrs. Freed. "I experimented with the wheel. The plane hit the ground and bounced almost 30 feet into the air again. I yanked out the throttle and up she went. I didn't think I'd ever want to try that again. But I did."

The plane overshot the field and sheared some tassels off a corn field. The nosewheel snapped off and the plane skidded to a pancake landing.

Mrs. Freed was unhurt. Said she, regretfully: "I'm sorry I crashed. I'd never thought of flying before, but now I think I'll take a serious interest in aviation. It didn't bother me to fly back to Moline later. I haven't lost my nerve.

"I guess my husband was more shocked than I was."

People Back Home—

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Each week on this page* YANK *will print home town news items written especially for us by local newspapers*)

CALIFORNIA

Arcadia—Glenn Dyer Post of American Legion traded its old German trench mortar for some new trophy of the present conflict. Army has taken over Orange County's 160 acre Irvine Park which is now closed to public for duration. Six hundred grammar school children from Bakersfield helped harvest the cotton crop. Capistrano is without banking facilities since Bank of America closed its branch because of tire and gas rationing. Judge W. L. Hart of Oceanside resigned because the salary is "grossly inadequate and inequitable." Picking of navel orange crop has begun in Tulare County. Huntington Park donned its Christmas dimout dress. None of the decorations have lights. San Francisco's wolves on the prowl no longer whistle but flaunt their status on the side door of the jalopy. Here's the key to the code: one stripe—on the loose; two stripes — going "steady"; three stripes—engaged and not interested.

GEORGIA

Mrs. Mark Pulliam, 39 years old, and five of her nine children, died in a fire when their home was destroyed, 12 miles southwest of Chatsworth. Mark Pulliam, 34, the husband and father and a sawmill logger, has been charged with their murder but denies the crime. Slim Scarborough, the old murderer and escape artist, who fled again a few weeks ago, was caught in Florida which hung on to him for a 1941 robbery. At Moultrie, Truman L. Lee, 23, high school teacher, drove off to join the Navy but his car was found on a river bank, his body a short distance away. He had died of drowning and it's all a mystery. Blanton Mullis, 30-year-old farmer from Cadwell in Laurens County, is charged with the murder of Police Chief Joseph E. Fennell, of Cadwell, 17 miles southwest of Dublin. Sally League directors decided they'd wait until February to decide on baseball next year. They're to make a hospital out of the old Forrest Hills Hotel, at Augusta. October showed 535 marriage licenses in Fulton County, the highest figure in the county's history. Quilting parties are being revived at Oglethorpe, and everybody brings their "covered dishes." Gasoline stations in Georgia report business off 15 per cent. Ginnings show the cotton crop is 153,587 bales ahead of last year.

INDIANA

Rep. Louis Ludlow is trying to convince the O.P.M. to let Indiana "try out" voluntary gas rationing scheme; says Hoosiers hate to be regimented. Hoosiers have bought $108,812,430 worth of War Bonds since May. Fire destroyed the $70,000 school at Walcottville. Every Wednesday will be meatless day in Fort Wayne. "Aunt" Rachel Gilstrap, who celebrated her 100th birthday June 22, died in a fire that destroyed her little 2-room house near Salem. Mayor Elect Manson Reichert, Evansville, announced abolishment of Two Percent Club, so city and county employes don't have to cough up two percent of their salaries for campaign purposes. For the second time August Monhaut of Mishawaka is Indiana potato king with 591.6 bushels to the acre. J. W. Davis, president Blish Milling Co., Seymour, killed when freight train hit his car. Murder mystery at Lafayette, where Will R. Puckett, 63, says hitchhiker shot and killed his 67-year-old "mail order bride." but cops are skeptical.

IOWA

Iowa's bumper corn crop yielded a record 61 bushels per acre. Eldon Speas, 18, Newton, husked 186 bushels in one day. Nearly 18,000,000 pounds of Iowa farm products were sold during September. Captain William C. Buckley, "The Sarge" of S.U.I. military department, reported for active duty at Fort Oglethorpe. Grandpa Martin Birrer, Riverside, is 100 years old. Vernon Droege, 19, Fort Dodge, was killed when his motorcycle collided head on with a car. Governor George A. Wilson visited Camp Polk, La., but declined an invitation to ride in a tank. A statewide blackout was ordered for Dec. 14. A Navy casualty list reported Virgil Barrett missing, Fireman Second Class Barrett was honeymooning in Council Bluffs at the time.

MARYLAND

Baltimore double-decker Charles Street busses and two-thirds of those on Fayette street were ordered off the street by December 28 by the O.D.T. Charles LeViness, city liquor board chairman, was threatened with contempt of court when he refused service of papers in an injunction to get back the liquor license of the Chanticleer, Charles street cocktail lounge, suspened for sixty days. McDonogh School cancelled the Orange and Black Varieties for time for more extensive military training.

MINNESOTA

Only "casualty" of Albert Lea's test blackout was Mayor Ed Hayek who was on a train and failed to recognize his home town in the darkness, riding to Manly, Iowa, before he discovered his mistake. In St. Paul, Gov. Stassen was best man at wedding of Lieut. Gov.-elect Ed Thye of Northfield and Miss Myrtle Oliver of St. Paul. Thye will become governor when Stassen goes on active duty as a Navy lieutenant commander in April. In Minneapolis, city council conducted two hearings, postponed action on a controversy over curtaining saloon and beer parlor windows. Present law prohibits curtains higher than five feet from sidewalks. At Lake Park, fire destroyed Peavey elevator and 70,000 bushels of grain; loss $50,000.

MISSOURI

Maplewood and Kirkwood have backslidden in smoke elimination of St. Louis area, and have lowered their standards for coal, because of actual or feared fuel shortage. City of St. Louis and other suburbs sticking to smokeless program of last two winters. Floyd Lee of St. Joseph, promoter of Missouri Pension Society racket, undertook to tell Legislature, in special session, what it must do about pension appropriations. A bill to bar his society's supporters from pension benefits was beaten by a few votes. Sixteen-year-old George McNamara of Jennings works six days a week in blue-print department of St. Louis war contract plant and takes a full high school course by correspondence, studying three nights a week. St. Louis $4,850,000 War Chest campaign believed to have reached that amount though nearly $400,000 shy at final report meeting.

MONTANA

Beginning Nov. 16 and continuing through the winter, Whitehall's schools will open at 10 a. m. and close at 4:30 p. m. because of the long distances some children travel. At Butte, Republicans dominated the county election; Sheriff Al McLeod retained his office, and Mrs. Leila Hauswirth defeated Hazel Grant Bourquin for county auditor. Gambling is down in Butte again, this time as a result of orders issued by Lt. Gen. DeWitt, San Francisco. Butte has Montana's induction and recruiting headquarters.

NEW ENGLAND

Governor Blood of New Hampshire believes he has checked the growth of the Granite State's House of Representatives. An amendment to the constitution "freezes" the number of members at the present figure, approximately 500. Skowhegan, Me., fair directors have voted to change the name of the 123-year-old organization to Maine State Fair. Fitchburg, Mass., school board will expand vocational education to meet demands of war industries for skilled help. Leominster, Mass., city employes seek a 15 percent increase in pay; the mayor very cool to the proposal. Rhode Island State Defense Council scheduled air raid signal tests for a week but cut them out after two days. Reason: Sirens disturbed sleep of nighttime war workers. The price of milk went up in South Rhode Island towns because farm hands are getting scarce, and motorists are giving up their extra tires to the government at a rate of 300 a day. Woonsocket firemen have set up an AFL union for themselves. The R.I. Reds are second in the Eastern Division of the American Hockey League.

NEW YORK

At Lockport, Bert V. Smith, 76, and Miss Sadie Elizabeth Meiers, 48, lost their lives in a $75,000 fire at the Moose Home. A fire in the Backus Hotel, Niagara Falls, at 4:30 a. m., forced guests into the November cold. Buffalo City Council approved a 13 percent pay raise for 1,076 Department of Public Works employes. Buffalo Patrolmen Wilfred Fay and Walter Seeds were charged with drinking while on duty after their car rammed a light pole. Buffalo continued in first place in the American Hockey League, trimming Hershey and Providence.

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Airplane Production To Be Doubled Next Year

WASHINGTON—The United States is turning out more planes than the combined output of the Axis, and the current monthly rate of production will be doubled next year. Donald M. Nelson, chairman of the War Production Board, told a press conference last week.

"The armed forces are now on the offensive," said Mr. Nelson. "This creates production problems far different from those for the defensive type of war we have fought for so long."

Next year's goal is reported to be between 90,000 and 100,000 planes. This year's production has been put at about 50,000 craft of all types.

"By the time we get into full swing on the new airplane program," the reporters were told, "aircraft production will be a $30,000,000,000 to $40,000,000,000 industry. This will dwarf the peacetime automobile industry, which in 1940 had a total output valued at slightly more than $3,000,000,000."

Cow Conquers All

AURORA, ILL.—After chasing Frank Roth, 62, and his wife, 60, into their farm house, an angry bull pawed the ground, kept a wary eye on the doors and snorted at Roth's efforts to shoo it away.

Roth phoned a deputy sheriff who soon arrived on the scene with a rifle. After reconnoitering, he decided not to shoot the bull. Instead he borrowed a cow from a nearby farm and led it past the bull into a barn.

The mating instinct triumphed, and the bull abruptly abandoned his siege of the farm house to pursue the cow into the barn.

Yep, she is a WOW. Women Ordnance Workers have been officially designated as such by the Army and if they all look as good as this one the name's okay by us. Her headgear, a bandana, is shown with other wartime millinery.

NORTH CAROLINA

George E. Wilson Jr. was named Charlotte postmaster. He will probably succeed Keely Grice, acting postmaster, about Jan. 1. George M. Ivey, state chairman of the USO's campaign for $440,000 in North Carolina, announced the goal exceeded by $14,000. The quota of $208,621 in the annual campaign for the War and Community Chest in Mecklenburg County was oversubscribed by $23,000.

OHIO

Common Pleas Judge Dudley Miller Outcalt of Cincinnati reported for duty as a major in the Air Transport. Charles H. Urban, Cincinnati attorney, has been elected to the Civil Service Commission to succeed Joe Garretson, now an Air Force captain.

OREGON

Seven persons dead and six others unaccounted for in a spectacular fire which swept "Hudson House," Henry Kaiser's Vancouver dormitory. The bodies of Stanley Jurkiewicz, Edna Schafer, Agnes Johnson, Sadie Crawford and Raymond Conley have been identified.

PENNSYLVANIA

Geraldine Powell, "Miss Philadelphia" for 1942, was married to James P. Holt, an optician. Firmin Michel, Camden County (N. J.) prosecutor, died, as did Andrew J. Emanuel, former Philadelphia Public Safety Director. The O.D.T. ordered the Broad street bus route in Philadelphia discontinued to save rubber.

Did They Wear Spats?

New Haven, Conn.—Men are so scarce that at the wedding of Barbara Kent Hickey and Petty Officer, third class, Donald Torrey Pitcher, girls served as ushers instead of the traditional young men in tails.

"All of the young men who would have been ushers have been called to service in the armed forces," explained Mrs. Floyd J. Pitcher, mother of the bridegroom, "so we just decided to use girls."

SOUTH CAROLINA

Forest fires are bad throughout the state, because of two-month drought. Homes on Kalmia Hill, exclusive residenial section in Aiken, barely escaped. Russell Hoyt, who lived in Orangeburg as a child, now is in pictures, with RKO. The South Carolina Baptist convention criticized the press for quoting profanity and obscene statements by members of the armed forces and cited, as an instance of what should have been deleted, "Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition." Dr. C. C. Hill, old family physician of Darlington, died after a long illness. Burnett Guthrie Land, farmer and storekeeper of Greelyville, died unexpectedly.

VIRGINIA

In Richmond, the O.D.T. ordered 15 percent reduction in transit system mileage; duplicate rail and bus services will be eliminated and the Church Hill-Byrd Park line may be junked. Liquor selling throughout Virginia shortened to 10 a. m. to 6 p. m., and only one quart to a customer. Coffee registration goes into effect in three weeks. Serious delays in harvesting fall crops due to rainy October, shortage of help; also tough on seeding. Some married men without children will be drafted in December and January. When Russell L. Johns of Richmond found his daughter still on a date at 2 a. m. he went looking for her; daughter's date, Claude Goode, 29, died of shotgun wounds in a parked car and Johns turned himself in. Cy Young, basketball coach at Washington & Lee, resigned for war work.

WASHINGTON

To top the State Liquor Board's new quart-a-week ration, the O.C.D. ordered a blackout of all uncapped street lights in Seattle. On Bainbridge Island a large black bear is still devouring goats and livestock after past two months. Island residents have set bear traps in vain, now are going to lure him with wild honey—if they can find a bee tree.

WISCONSIN

George Ashmus, tavern keeper south of Kenosha, was fined $1,350 for selling liquor to minors. Arthur F. Winter, who disappeared from Sheboygan in 1938 when he was charged with embezzlement, has been picked up in Puerto Rico. Judge Henry Graass of Green Bay went hunting, hurt his leg and was missing for eight hours, but is O.K. now. Wisconsin farmers are asked to put in 40,000 acres of hemp. Washington High is the Milwaukee city champion. Shorewood and Waukesha tied for the title in the Suburban League.

COMPANY STREET

Robert A. Hall of **Dallas, Tex.**, who won the Victory Medal with five stars in World War I, gave such a good recruiting sales-talk to his son, Jack, that they both enlisted in the Air Force.

A **Scott Field, Ill.**, man went home on furlough to find that his mother had taken steps to insure against his being lonely for camp. She had bought an Army cot and a metal chow-tray and arranged for him to be awakened each morning at 5 a. m.

A letter addressed to Cpl. Robert Croft at **Hamilton Field, Calif.**, was forwarded from there to APO San Francisco to APO New York to his old outfit overseas to **Randolph Field, Tex.**, to the Glider Service School at **Pittsburgh, Kans.**, to **Amarillo Field, Tex.**; finally found him at the Army Flying School at **Lubbock, Tex.** Commented Croft, by this time a staff sergeant: "The news is cold."

Classification problem at the Army Air Base at **Columbus, Miss.**, was a private who had an A.B. degree in classic languages and an M.A. and a Ph.D. in Greek. A research historian, he had specialized in Greek epigraphy, translated Greek from original stone tablets and published a chronology of ancient Greek law. His top sergeant played safe, made him a permanent KP.

The Ace Pursuiter, weekly newspaper of **Paine Field, Wash.**, advertised for a reporter. "Wages: Standard G.I. and found."

An unnamed American in an unnamed Axis-dominated country in Africa spent $1,200 on a four-day train trip and an 18-day ocean voyage to come to the U.S. and join the Army. He is now a private in the Weather School at **Chanute Field, Ill.**

Sgt. Angelo "Jiggs" Gagliardi, meat-loving cook at the Fighter Command School at **Orlando, Fla.**, had dinner with vegetarian friends. Result: he finally invented a meatless meat-loaf which looks, smells and tastes like the real thing. Ingredients: Dried bread, eggs, seasoning, meat sauce flavoring, numerous vegetables and faith in Divine Providence.

James Ferguson, 29, who enlisted in the Air Corps eight years ago as a private, has been promoted from major to lieutenant-colonel. He commands the **337th Fighter Group.**

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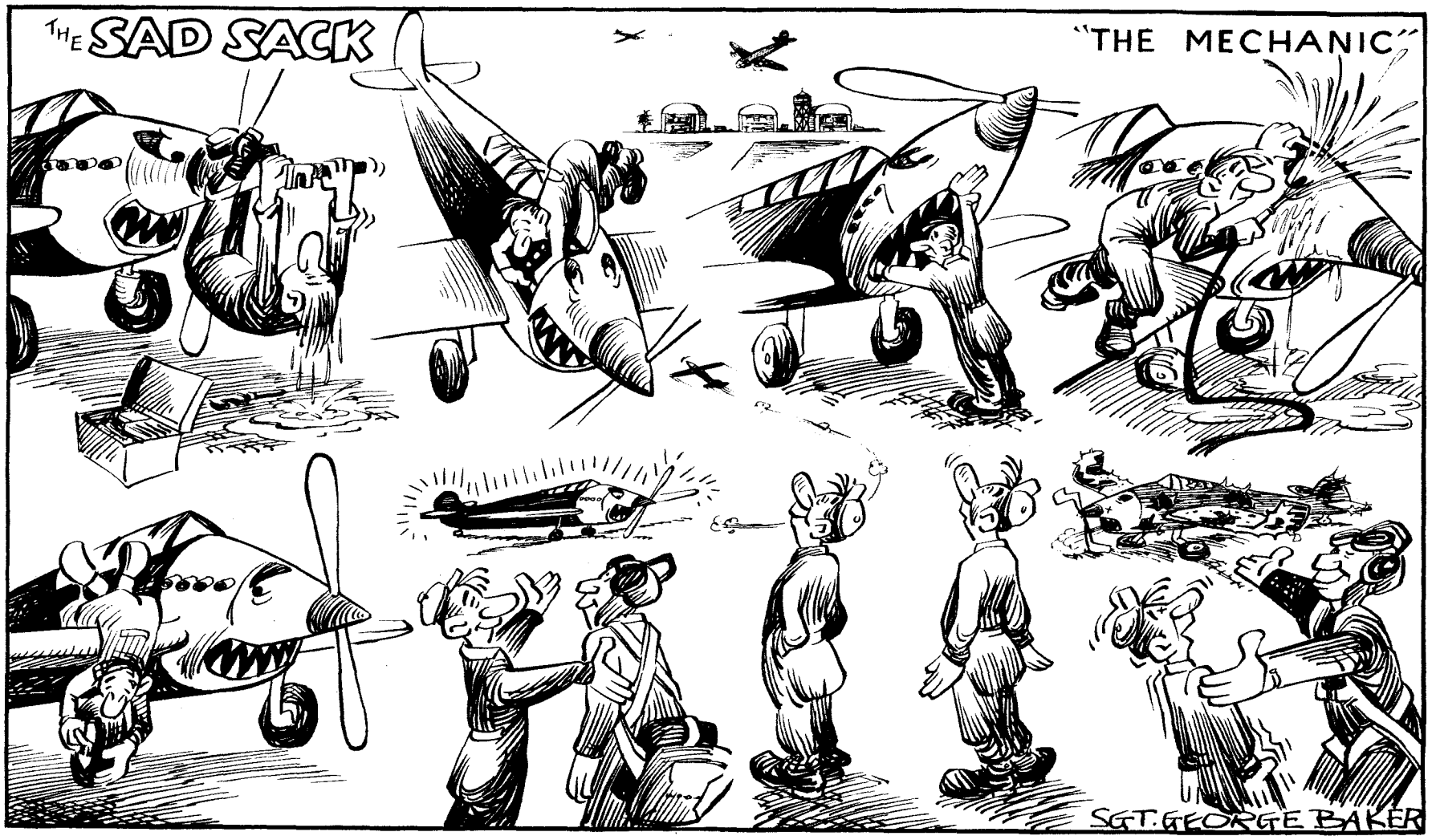


BETWEEN the LINES

THAT G.I. HAIRCUT

Place: Barber shop in the PX.
Cast: Barber, Private.

Barb: You're next! *(Private eases himself into chair and hopes for the best.)*

Barb: Nice day.

Pvt: Yes, yes much cooler now. Just trim around the back of the neck.

Barb: (Running his clippers to a point about two inches above the ear.)
How do you like army life?

Pvt: Aren't you going a little high with those clippers? All I want is a trim.

Barb: I think that it will take more than just bombing to defeat the Axis. I say that all branches of the service should be under a unified command, don't you?

Pvt: Don't you ever use a scissors when you cut hair?

Barb: Those Russians certainly fooled everyone. Do you remember when they used to say that the Russian Army never lost a parade? Their defense of Stalingrad is magnificent.
(By this time the pvt's head is beginning to reveal several bumps and scars that heretofore had remained hidden for years.)

Pvt: I think you've cut off enough with those clippers now; just finish off with the scissors.

Barb: Hitler's hordes can never stand another winter in Russia, and he knows it.

Pvt: You're about done, aren't you? Looks all right from the front.

Barb: No, I don't think the time is ripe yet for a second front. It would be suicide to start one now. Maybe next spring.

Pvt: Bring the hand mirror. I'd like to see how the haircut looks in the back.

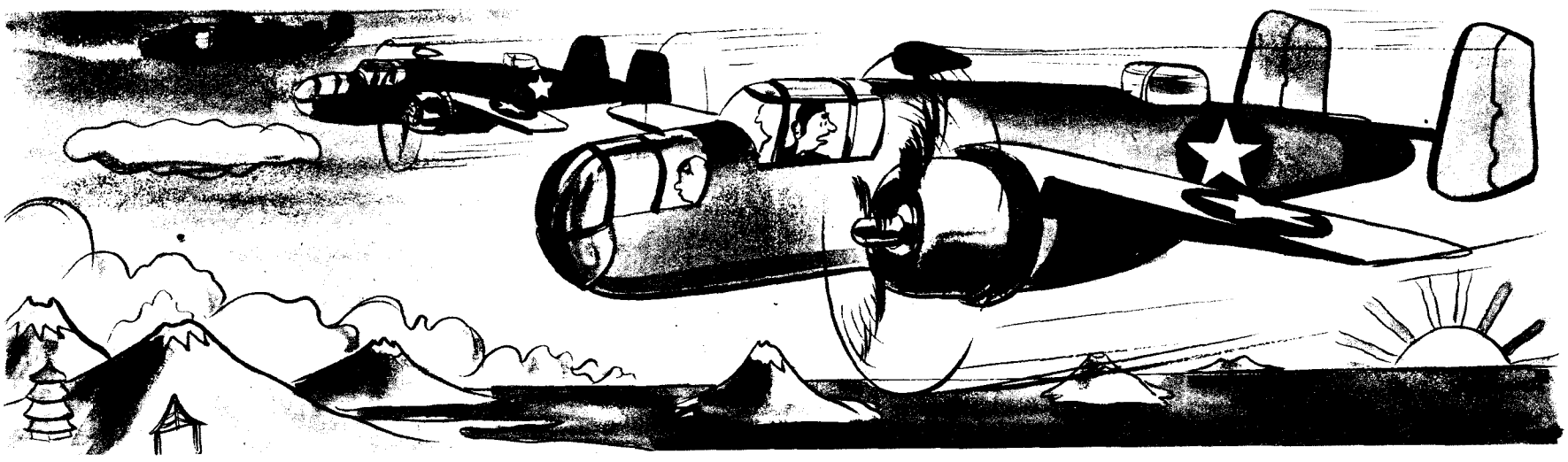
Barb: Sorry, I haven't got a hand mirror, but take my word for it, it looks fine.

Pvt: OK. Say by the way, how long have you been in the barbering business?

Barb: It'll be a week tomorrow. I used to have my own plumbing business but I had to give it up. Can't get materials. Priorities, you know. This job isn't bad until a good one comes along.

SGT. BROOKS ASHLEY, AIR FORCE
SPENCE FIELD, GA.

"Now—your first week of basic training will be spent right here—"



"Hey, Joe—wait 'til we get over Tokio before you flush it!"

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YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY
VOL. 1, NO. 25
DEC. 2, 1942
By the men . . for the men in the service

GUYS WITH GUTS

WHILE WE'RE putting out an Air Force issue, we'd like to tell you about Staff Sergeant John de John.

He is the tail gunner of a Flying Fortress. The other day the big bomber was on its way home from France after laying a load of eggs when it was jumped by a flock of Focke-Wulfs. A Nazi got on the Fort's tail and dropped a cannon shell practically in the lap of Sergeant de John.

The explosion battered the sergeant pretty badly and knocked out one of his guns. But he still had one good gun, and he still had one good hand. He kept firing, knocking one of these Focke-Wulf's out the sky. He kept shooting for ten minutes; then the navigator dragged him out of the turret.

This story tells a lot about the men in our air force.

Up in Alaska they fly through fog so thick you have to put your hand out the window to tell where you are. Down on Guadalcanal they land on Henderson field between shell bursts. They take off from Port Moresby and fly over the jungles and sea to pound the Japs at Raboul. They fly over the mountains in China to knock Zeros out of the sky. In Africa they blast the Axis in the desert.

The pilots of these ships are the first men to salute the ground crews which work twenty-two hours a day fuelling, loading, and repairing the planes under combat conditions.

In Egypt the ground men worked till they dropped in their tracks, slept a couple of hours and got up and worked again.

We hear a lot of good stories about the men of the air forces. They all add up to the same thing: good men flying good planes, doing a tough job, getting hurt sometimes, but somehow usually coming out on top.

We couldn't begin to win this war without them.

Some people call them heroes. We don't think of them as heroes so much as just a lot of guys with a lot of guts.

STRICTLY G.I.

Winter Fashion

NEW winter clothing has been cooked up by the Quartermaster Corps. In place of the winter cap of duck with a woolen lining comes a knitted headpiece that can be pulled over the ears and neck. The flannel shirt has been re-designed with a convertible collar which can be rolled back for warm spells. New woolen gloves have a leather palm. Woolen mufflers will be issued to troops on guard duty and drivers of open-cab vehicles.

For men in colder stations, there's a new winter combat jacket, in the short-coat style, with a windproof cotton shell and a thick wool lining. Collar, wristlets and waistband are of knitted wool with enough elastic to make them fit snugly.

The field jacket issued to some of the troops last year has proved so successful that everyone else will get one this year.

Raincoats

Army raincoats from now on will be made of the stuff that goes between the two layers of glass in automobile safety windows. They contain no rubber and consequently will be two pounds lighter. The material, which is plentiful since the manufacture of automobiles stopped, won't crack at 70 degrees below zero or get gooey at temperatures above the boiling point. The Army alone will save some 17,500,000 pounds of rubber on the deal.

Military Courtesy

A lanky lieutenant at Fort Dupont, Del., appealed to the regimental commander to make the men stop calling him "Legs." The colonel said he'd be glad to, "if you'll get the regiment to stop calling me 'Baldy'."

Statistics

The average American soldier eats more than a ton of food a year, we hear from the Agricultural Adjustment Agency in Washington. This includes 403 quarts of milk, 287 pounds of meat, poultry and fish; 133 pounds of oils; 215 pounds of cereal and flour; 142 pounds of leafy green and yellow vegetables; 142 pounds of tomatoes and citrus fruits; 312 pounds of other vegetables and fruits; 253 pounds of potatoes; 114 pounds of sugars, syrups and preserves; and 525 eggs.

You'll have to take the AAA's word on the potato figures.

War Bonds

Any medals for buying War Bonds should be addressed to Fort Snelling, Minn., which pledged $5,407,205.75 between May 20 and Nov. 16. Of the men passing through the reception center there, 99.9 per cent signed up. Average amount pledged was 18.9 per cent of the soldier's pay.

Hardware

Men of every branch of the service outside the U. S., including the WAACs and the WAVES, will get an official overseas medal. . . . More than 2,250 service men, of whom over half were Army, have been decorated for gallantry since Pearl Harbor. . . . Brightest hardware news: Makers of medallions and decorations have been asked for bids on 500,000 to 1,000,000 medals to be worn by the Army occupying Germany after the war. The decorations are to be delivered within six months under contracts enjoying A-1 priority ratings.

GREMLIN TROUBLE

Items That Require No Editorial Comment

Hamilton vs. Himler

The right to change his name to Alexander Hamilton has been granted to Alexander Himler, 52, a draftsman, who said he was greatly embarrassed by persons who thought he might be related to Heinrich Himmler, Nazi Gestapo chief. He said he had been annoyed frequently by people sending him crank letters and calling him on the telephone because they thought he might be a Nazi sympathizer.

Youth Rebels

The following reports on the attitudes of European youth toward Nazi Germany are direct quotations from the German short-wave radio:

"It has been necessary to arrest a large number of Roumanian boys and girls because they are foolishly trying to spread anti-German propaganda."

"All over Norway the children rebel against the Quisling regulations in spite of the fact that they have been threatened with severe punishment. Our patience is at an end."

"A large majority of French youth is influenced by de Gaulle and Communist propaganda. Severe measures will be required to correct this."

"The Netherlands youngsters are mainly responsible for spreading resistance. They are far greater terrorists than the adults."

No Stock in It

According to the Berlin radio, the Nazi occupation of France caused the U. S. stock market to slump on Nov. 11 in New York. "Wall Street had a bad day."

Nov. 11, Armistice Day, the Stock Exchange is closed.

"Most Friendly"

The Tokyo radio described the Nazi occupation of Vichy France as "most friendly, most delightful, most cheerful, most, most wonderful."

Bad Debts Dept.

The few Norwegians who have been lucky enough to be let out of German concentration camps have received bills for board and lodging during their stay.

Another Round, Garcon

Aware that the French were a great drinking race, the Germans who first occupied France tried to reform them by putting up large posters reading: "Beware of alcohol. It kills slowly."

The French scribbled their answer across the sign: "Don't worry. We are not in a hurry."

YANK is published weekly by the Enlisted Men of the U. S. Army, and is for sale only to those in the Armed Services.

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Caribbean: Sgt. Robert G. Ryan.
Hawaii: Cpl. James E. Page.
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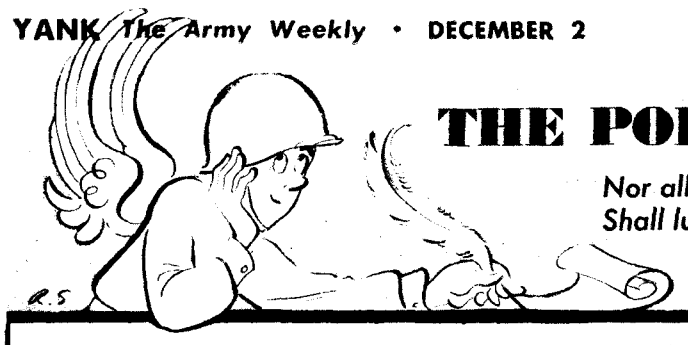

THE POETS CORNERED

Nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Omar K., Pfc. 1st Pyramidal Tent Co.

(Ed. note: We want all the poetry you're inspired to send in, but try to hold yourself down to three or four stanzas!)

ANYBODY HERE WRITE MUSIC?

The day I finally went away,
She swore she'd hold all other guys at bay,
But a bar jimmied open what a yardbird couldn't sway,
AND MY LOVE DONE MARRIED A SHAVETAIL.

I guess the contrast helped a lot,
A gent in the hand beats a bum in the pot,
When the gent is a looey, the bum's not so hot,
SO MY LOVE DONE MARRIED A SHAVETAIL.

My heart is kicking up a storm
I wish she'd chosen a Mormon
It can't be just the uniform
Or she'd have gone for a doorman.

But it's the shame that leaves me cold,
She swapped a healthy private for a bar of gold,
The pasture's now deserted where a colt of love was foaled,
CAUSE MY LOVE DONE MARRIED A SHAVETAIL.

PVT. ROBERT D. KEMPER
FIGHTER COMMAND SCHOOL
ORLANDO, FLORIDA.

ADVICE LONG AFTER HERRICK

To tips on popularity let's call this song.
Women who are really chaste are rarely chased long.

A/C M. J. FLANAGAN, JR.
SELMAN FIELD, LA.

WITH APOLOGIES TO A CERTAIN SONG

Down lay the soldier;
The time was getting late.
Down lay the KP;
Short sleep would be his fate.
Up rose the CQ,
Kitchen Coppers he must wake,
Rousing all the KPs
With a horrible swift shake,

Shouting:
Scrape the lard and pass the dirty dishes.
Scrape them hard, all of those dirty dishes.
Don't retard that line of dirty dishes,
Soldiers on KP.

Disregard your inmost natural wishes.
Don't bombard mess-sergeants with the dishes.
Just discard what's left of steaks and fishes.
It's your day, KP.

The pusher reported it.
The mess-sergeant ordered it.
You'll never ever finish KP.

Singing:
Scrape the lard and pass the dirty dishes.
All food discard no matter how nutritious.
Faster, pard, although it's repetitious,
Soldier, you're KP.

A/C GORDON M. LOW
A.A.F.C.C.
NASHVILLE, TENN.

EARMARKS

That Engineers
Have hair in their ears
Is a saying I've never forgotten,
But, private to gen.,
Artillerymen,
Though not without hair, prefer cotton.

LT. RICHARD ARMOUR
ANTIAIRCRAFT ARTILLERY

LINES WRITTEN DURING A SUNDAY K P

(With apologies to "Casey at the Bat")

Somewhere the sun is shining,
Somewhere hearts are light—
Somewhere soldiers loll and chat,
And talk of yesternight.

But me—I sing this mournful tune
To fate, so cruel to me,
Who snatched me from my bed to spend
My Sunday on KP.

Oh, KP weekdays has its points,
Like missing drills I dread,
Or absence from a 10-mile hike,
Whence men return, half-dead.

But KP Sunday? Say not so!
Forever I'll regret it.
Ah, well, no time to mope and sigh,
"Chow's on, you hounds, come get it!"

CPL. HENRY FONER
CAMP GRUBER, OKLA.

Words Across The Sea

Pvt. George W. Shandrow, of Toledo, Ohio, was a motorcycle rider as a civilian, and is now in the Air Force, stationed at Fort Jay, N. Y. He's glad to know that Pvt. Dave Kittridge doesn't want to slit his throat because he married his old girl. Kittridge is somewhere in Hawaii, and Shandrow wishes he were with him. On second thought, we think these guys better stay on different fronts!

Pfc. Philip Immerman, of New York City, who was a liquor dealer before he joined the Air Force, asks Cpl. Ed Lewis in a North Atlantic base if the Eskimo girls are as cold as their reputation. "Keep your chin up; we'll all be together when it's over," he adds. (The girls there are descendants of Scandinavians, Irish, or both. Don't call them Eskimos.)

Sgt. Bert Briller, of Brooklyn, in peaceful days a newsman on PM and now on the staff of the Mitchel Field Beacon, sends this note to YANK correspondent Sgt. Bob Neville, somewhere in Africa: "How about sending us a bit of a yarn? We could use an on-the-scene news correspondent like you." Sgt. Neville will please have due regard for priorities.

Sgt. Jack Piszczek, of Milwaukee, Wis., now a radio operator at an Eastern Air Field, wants some dope from S/Sgt. Bill Frunczek, an Air Force medico somewhere in the Pacific. "Harry and I have been wondering what you have been doing," he says. "We know you can take care of yourself, but are you still keeping the others on their feet?" Or more important, are you keeping them in the air?

Pfc. Bill Flannagan, of Geneva, N. Y., in the Air Force at Mitchel Field, adds a rather bloodthirsty note to his greetings to Pvt. Bill MacDonald, somewhere in the Solomons. It seems that when MacDonald went into the Army, his pals all chipped in to buy him an appropriate going-away gift. It was a large hunting knife. Now Flannagan wants to know how well MacDonald has been using his nice, shiny present.

MAIL CALL

DEAR YANK:

In your August 12th edition you had a very interesting story written by Sgt. Ed. Cunningham called "Ten Against the Jungles."

Sgt. Cunningham wrote about ten B-24 crew members cutting their way through jungles for days and finally coming to a hut occupied by a man, three women and five children.

Just to illustrate the type of native, he had a picture of one of the girls. I noticed that the picture of the native is the same girl that I have in my album taken three years ago. She has identical marks, etc.

Enclosed please find the picture of the girl.

SGT. EDWARD H. BATES
OVERSEAS

DEAR YANK:

I am particularly impressed by your hell-for-leather use of all guns, light or heavy. But I must take issue with your treatment of naval matters in the issue of September 30. You quote a statement to the effect that Admiral somebody now holds our most important air command.

This may or may not be true but it is plainly open to question. It seems to me that the Navy, with which no one wants to quarrel, is doing a public relations job (sans YANK's space) which compares very favorably with its military achievements, admittedly magnificent.

S/SGT. KARL H. HOUSTON, A.A.F.
MINTNER FIELD, CALIFORNIA

DEAR YANK:

I really think Jerome Beatty of Hollywood made a Big Mistake by making Rita Hayworth Sweetheart of the AEF. This is my fourth field and all I heard from Soldier's is Lana Turner—they go wild over her.

Lana will always be
Sweetheart of West Point of the Air.

PVT. JOSEPH JOCKEL
RANDOLPH FIELD, TEXAS

SUBJECT: Saluting of Warrant Officers. Suggested Addenda to FM 21-100, Paragraph 91,
TO: Mail Bag, YANK.

1. At a distance of not more than 30 and not less than 6 paces, the enlisted man shall salute Warrant Officers in the following manner: Keeping the elbow at the side, extend the right forearm to a horizontal position, fingers extended and joined. When the movement is completed, the left arm will be carried diagonally across the body to a position parallel with the right shoulder. From there the left hand is brought down to slap the right forearm smartly, causing the right forearm to return as quickly as possible to its original position, preferably before the Warrant Officer has had time to notice the salute.

A/C Hall G. VAN VLACK JR.
MONROE, LOUISIANA

DEAR YANK:

This letter may be strictly G.I., but it is the best I can do at the moment.

I have just seen your issue of Oct. 21st, and noticed in it an announcement stating that you are going to run an article on Labrador next week. I was stationed at Presque Isle, Maine, this last summer, and so am quite familiar with one piece of that "last outpost of civilization," you are going to let the world know about. You should give due justice to the officers and men stationed there as they are all a swell bunch of guys. Whether, or not, you realize it, mail and newspapers like YANK, are about the best morale builders any post of that nature can have, and I know that they still look forward to reading YANK as they did that first rainy day the first issue of it arrived.

PVT. ABBOT E. ALLSCHWANG
PRESQUE ISLE, MAINE

DEAR YANK:

The men of the Army Air Forces Detachment at Jefferson Proving Ground, Madison, Indiana, are proud of their record in the purchase of War Bonds and are hoping that you may find space for the following:

The Detachment there has established a 100 per cent record in subscriptions and better than 10 per cent in the purchase of War Bonds. Every one of the officers and enlisted men, who are keeping the bombers in the air by testing ordnance materiel, has voluntarily authorized that a part of their pay checks be set aside for the purchase of War Bonds. The monthly deductions of enlisted personnel range from $1.25 to $37.50.

S/SGT. H. D. GALBREATH, A.A.F.
MADISON, IND.

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Kid Sergeants of the AAF

Here is an exclusive society. If you're old enough to vote, you can't join it. And if you're above or below the rank of sergeant, you're out, too. Yep, every one of these G.I.'s from Bolling Field, Washington, D. C., is under 21 years of age and a sergeant.

S Sgt. John S. Selby, Jr., 20, Alexandria, Va., is a radio technician.

Sgt. Norman D. Gary, 19, Takoma Park, Md., plays horn in AAF band.

M/Sgt. Walter Chomak, 20, a plane mechanic from the Bronx.

Sgt. John J. Thomas, 20, Bridgeport, Pa., phone operator.

S/Sgt. Lofton G. Jones, 19, Dothan, Ala., administrative clerk.

T/Sgt. Leo Matkins, 20, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., is a repair crew chief.

Sgt. Frank R. Botsford, Jr., 19, Canton, Pa., plays horn in AAF band.

Sgt. Harold L. Copenhaven, 19, Girard, Kans., also in AAF band.

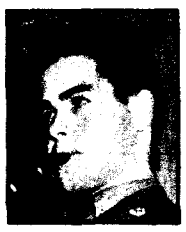
Sgt. Joseph G. Kohl, 20, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., airplane mechanic.

S/Sgt. John V. Pasley, 20, Vlant, Pa., also works as a plane mechanic.

Sgt. William Evans, 20, Peekville, Pa., airplane mechanic.

Sgt. John R. Young, 20, Willow Grove, Pa., radio technician.

Sgt. Nathaniel P. Howerton, 19, Big Piney, Wyo., weather observer.



Sgt. Charles Sutton, 19, Fenelton, Pa., clarinetist in the AAF band.

Sgt. Jack Masch, 20, Philadelphia, Pa., parachute custodian.

Sgt. David S. Miller, 20, Altoona, Pa., rates as Link Trainer expert.

Sgt. Richard T. Dean, 20, Belle Vernon, Pa., boatman in crash boat.

S Sgt. Raymond Rohdanz, 20, Sharpsville, Pa., plane mechanic.

Sgt. Carroll R. Jenkins, 19, Girard, Ill., clerk.

Sgt. Robert W. Yeatte, 19, Palmyra, Pa., works as plane mechanic.

Sgt. George A. Abbott, 20, Gloversville, N. Y., in the AAF band.

Sgt. Theodore W. Williams, Jr., Tyrone, Pa., administrative clerk.

Sgt. James A. Cradock, 19, Petoskey, Mich., administrative clerk.

Sgt. Harold I. Chipman, 20, Washington, Pa., aircraft machinist.

S Sgt. Charles Person, 20, Donors, Pa., airplane mechanic.

Sgt. Stanley F. Krzemienski, 20, Taylor, Pa., airplane mechanic.

T Sgt. Louis Wolff, 19, Richmond, Va., administrative clerk.

S Sgt. John A. Pinte, 20, Waco, Tex., administrative clerk.

S Sgt. Anthony J. Zabroski, 20, Greensboro, Pa., is another clerk.

Sgt. Peter Mallick, Jr., 20, Scalp Level, Pa., airplane mechanic.

T Sgt. Donald D. Kirkton, 20, Girdley, Ill., airplane mechanic.

S Sgt. Carl W. Satre, 19, Minneapolis, Minn., administrative clerk.

Sgt. Stanley E. Klinger, 20, Tremont, Pa., air base guard.

Sgt. Francis E. Truskowski, 20, Mahonoy City, Pa., base guard.

Sgt. Andrew Bozylinski, 20, Mahonoy Plane, Pa., air base guard.

T Sgt. Paul D. Mobley, 20, Covington, Ga., aircraft armorer.

Sgt. Jerry J. Joswick, 19, Chicago, Ill., motion picture technician.

S/Sgt. Paul A. Pasko, 20, Phoenixville, Pa., movie cameraman.

BOLLING FIELD IS ALSO THE HOME OF THE OFFICIAL ARMY AIR FORCES BAND

BOLLING FIELD is famous for other things besides the bunch of child sergeants pictured above. For instance, it is also the home of the Official Army Air Forces Band, which celebrated its first birthday Nov. 8. The following 86 soldier-musicians show at the right with their director, Capt. Alf Heiberg of Minneapolis, Minn., represent the following 17 states and the District of Columbia. Most of them were members of leading symphonic and dance orchestras before they joined the Air Forces.

California—Gordon Pulis, formerly with Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra; John Barrows, Bryant Figeroid.

District of Columbia—Francis Cox, Paul D'Antuona, Norman Gary, William King, William Parker, Charles Pyne, Lowell Thiebault, Charles LoMedico, Bertram Glick.

Illinois—Ralph Dunham, James Mulligan.

Indiana—George White, Frederick Wilson, Albert Klinger.

Kansas—Harold Copenhaver.

Michigan—Uyleau Schediel.

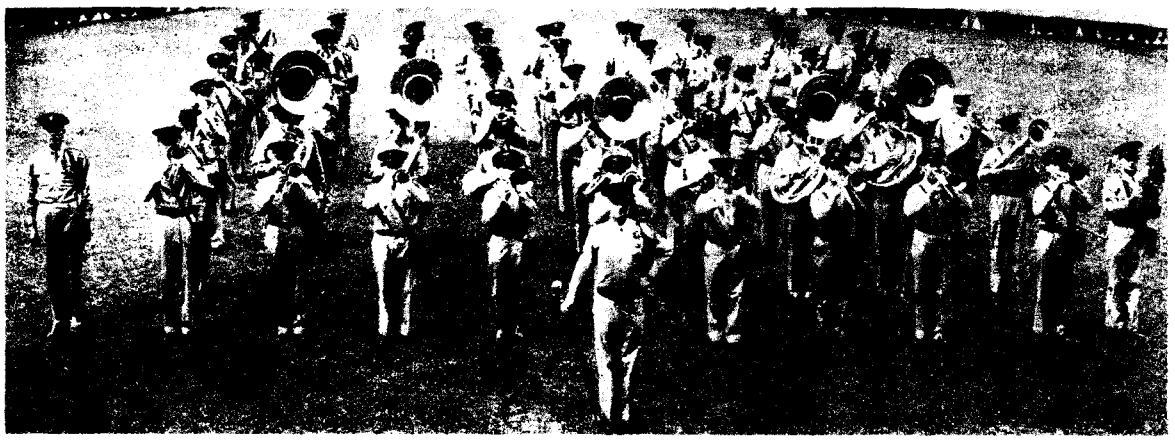
Minnesota—Franklin Bisky.

Missouri—Russell Friedewald, Harold Tharp.

Nebraska—Ivan Genuchi.

New Jersey—William Hammond, formerly with the Jimmy Dorsey Orchestra; Franklin Martinelli, Charles Arlington and Henry Peinecke, formerly of the Dick Stabile Orchestra; Robert Domenick, formerly with Russ Morgan's Orchestra.

New York—George Abbott, Albert Goepper, also from



Dick Stabile's Orchestra; Harold Kohn, Peter Labella, Murray Lessing, David Manchester, Robert Santemassino, Joseph Stabile, still another Dick Stabile Orchestra graduate; Geoffrey Stoughton, Ernest L. Munkalwitz, Emerich Pecha Jr., Dominic Passantino, Harry Rantsch, of Glenn Miller's Orchestra; Morton Kane, Bert Sanger Jr., Robert W. Mols, Robert Reichert, Richard Benedict.

North Carolina—Bruce Snyder, who used to be with Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra.

Ohio—William Ford, Carmen Gerace, Warren Halt, Elliot Morgenstern, Isadore Raven, Frederick Vogelgesang, of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra; Sidney Krononberg, William Long, Robert Culver.

Oklahoma—James Balfour, Robert Weatherly.

Pennsylvania—Frank Botsford, Albert Circosta, Joseph Farrell, George Faulkner, John Hutton, Robert Johns, Henry Kelly, Oscar McGregor, David McIlhatten, Michael Mudre, John Shuman, Lewis Smale, Charles Sutton, John Zuro, Alexander Cornelius, Delfino Calvo, George Redcay, Arthur Sussman, Joseph Eger.

Texas—John S. Lowry, Leo Lakritz.

West Virginia—Charles Foster, Norman Irvine.

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This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, U. S. A.

The Post Exchange

If your contribution misses the mark for any reason, you will receive YANK's special de luxe rejection slip that will inspire a more creative mood.

Flank Movements in Hawaii

OR HOW TO DO THE HULA

While they are still in quarantine, troops who have recently landed in Hawaii see their first hula dance. And usually that is the last one they see, because the Hawaiian wahines (wah-hee-nees, or babes) haven't time for such nonsense when there's a fortune to be made by running souvenir shops for the soldiers; for, verily, Hawaii is the Land of Outstretched Palms.

The dearth of dancing and dames is never admitted by the G.I.'s, simply because they don't want to disillusion the home folks, who picture them laying on the sands of Waikiki with their heads nestled in the laps of brown-skinned beauties right out of "Mutiny on the Bounty." So, on learning where their boys have landed, they invariably write, "Oh, goody! You'll be able to do the hula for us when you come home."

Therefore, in the interests of civilian morale, the following EASY HULA METHOD is advanced. This is certified to be the ancient, authentic hula, since the writer has seen the hula only once, and is not likely, for that reason, to have come under the influence of eccentric styles, esoteric modes, or modern schools.

First, remove all clothing to assure freedom of muscular expression. Limber up. Now, try the *ami*. The *ami* is the hip-motion which gives rhythm to the dance. It is a circular motion of the whatchamacallit parallel to the ground.

In order to do the *ami*, you must be able to attain complete detachment of the caboose, and hitch it to a separate motor. You must practice the *ami* diligently and at length. Some students of the hula find that they are helped toward mastery by practicing the *ami* even when walking or drilling. Probably you have noticed many girls on the streets doing this and have not been able to fathom the reason therefor. They are just getting the swing of things.

The motion of the *ami* is from left to right for a few whirls, then from right to left, alternately. Occasionally one sees an individual with an uneducated *ami* which will rotate only in one direction, but this is not good form.

After you have mastered the preliminary *ami* movements, start swinging it in wider arcs. It won't get away from you.

Some experts have achieved a vertical *ami*, which approximates the movement of the second-hand of a clock. It is suggested to the beginner, though, that he should not try to mix these, as the gears may stick, leaving him humpbacked in the oddest place. Also, such practice might result in what is known in the profession as a "schizophrenic *ami*," or an *ami* with a split personality, and which never *can* make up its mind.

Now that your *ami* functions independently, you are ready for the *kuhi*, or hand-motions.

The hands must always tell a story. Hugging yourself means "love." Raising your hands and wiggling your fingers as you lower your arms means "rain." Wiggling your fingers at your sides means "water flowing." Wiggling your fingers with your thumb to your nose doesn't need to be explained.

You move your feet once in awhile, too, but they don't matter so much. One famed Island dancer was the Court favorite for years before it was discovered quite by accident that she had web-feet. Her *ami* was so fascinating that it never let their attention be diverted from it.

Now, let us try a simple dance. Your *hula ka'i*, or entrance, should

"Lying on the Sands of Waikiki..."

be made gracefully. Glide into the room, agitating the *ami* dextrously, waving the hands languidly, and dipping the rest of the body with every other step. This is a great one to practice on the boys when you return from the showers.

As you reach the center of the room, do a hop on the left foot, then on the right foot, and while doing this, hold both hands on the small of your back. Continue to *ami* all over the floor. Next lift the left foot and place it on your left shoulder. Then place your right foot on your right shoulder.

You are now suspended in mid-air.

For the balance of the dance, merely improvise. A step here, a step there, an *ami* here, an *ami* there. Be careful, however, that you do not desecrate the sacred *hula* with a Margie Hart-ish "bump."

To finish the dance, extend both arms, with the hands of course attached to the ends of them, level with your chin. Put your palms up, facing the audience. (Although this *haina*, or finale, is traditional, it also has a utilitarian purpose, if the audience does not appreciate the *hula*.)

You have finished the dance. There! Was that hard?

Well, a chiropractor can probably fix you up. But you are now an "adept," a master of THE LANGUAGE OF THE BODY! Now you can say infinitely more with a flip of the hip to a cute young slip than you could with a thousand words before you learned to *hula*. This ability comes in handy when you're on a three-hour pass. Believe me.

You now have the right to dress in a genuine grass skirt and a flower brassiere, and to get yourself a *lei*.

"It is a circular motion."

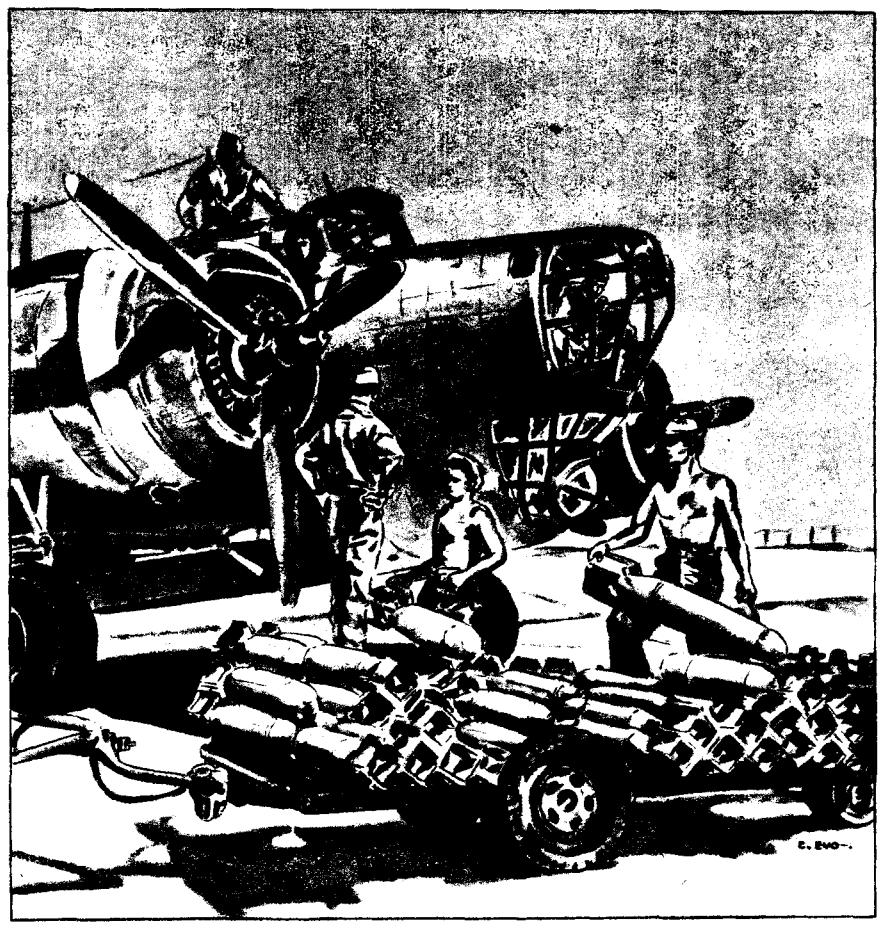
(The latter, in Hawaii, is a garland of flowers.) For you are now a full-fledged *Woo-Woo*. *Woo-woo* is an old Polynesian word which, in Hawaiian, means precisely what it does in English.

This version of the *hula*, quaintly called the Terpsichorean Tremens, is guaranteed to liven up any party, especially when your *ami* gets to ambulating enthusiastically.

And brother, after seven bottles of beer, it will!

SGT. F. S. MILLER

HAWAII



"Dear YANK: Cpl. Charles Evo of this world's largest bombardier college made this sketch on the firing line during the loading of a B-18 for a practice mission. It shows in one sketch almost all the elements involved in a bombing mission. In the nose the bombardier is adjusting the mechanism of his sight while the pilot takes a last minute look at the turret hatch and the navigator sits in the cockpit. Two husky ordnance men are loading bombs under the direction of the inevitable sergeant."—Lt. Reavis C. O'Neal Jr., Midland Army Flying School, Texas.

The First Shall Be Last

Johnny Greer sat up in bed and looked at the illuminated hands of his watch. He would try again today. It was almost time to begin. He peered anxiously around the tent. Everyone was sleeping peaceably. Stealing into his clothes, Greer took one last look at the occupants.

It was still dark outside. The cold, damp Texas air made Greer shiver as he crept along the muddy path.

Weaving in and out, Johnny Greer prayed that he would make it this time. He began to run. Suddenly he heard the sound he feared most. Had someone discovered his plan? The footsteps were getting dangerously close. Then, out of the inkiness, the building loomed before him. He would make it.

The exulted feeling left him. What if he were first in line at the mess hall? He had forgotten his mess kit.

PVT. H. J. GUZIK

ARMY AIR BASE,
STUTTGART, ARK.

"PRIVATE—FOR THE DURATION"

Army life is full of cheer;
K.P., calisthenics, and 3.2 beer.
I can take anything without a gripe
But when, dear God, will I have one stripe?
In ten long months, I should surely be,
A little better than "Acting Pfc."

Sis writes about my old pal Bill,
A sgt. now—that's a bitter pill.
And "Stinky" Casey, he left four months ago,
A cpl. now and free from woe.
And my buddy, Joe, why we K.P.'d at Meade,
Now he's staff and in the feed.

That's right, Sis, I guess I'll never be
Anything more than a "P.F.D."

PVT. DON JAMES

LOCKBOURNE AIR BASE,
COLUMBUS, OHIO

MAL-DE-MER

Be quiet, my heart, this is but of beginning;
Adventure is beckoning, on all senses dinning.
High thoughts—to meet foe who is worthy of battle,
Acquit self so my love will pridefully tattle.

This great gray troop transport, so graceful on course,
Its partner in dance a vague, unfriendly force,
Rolls left and to right and recovers with quiver,
Be quiet, my heart, and my stomach and liver!

M/SGT. LARRY MCCABE

BOMB. SQ., GREAT BRITAIN

TO A MESS SERGEANT

Monday we have meat loaf,
Tuesday we have hash;
Every day, three times a day
Potatoes you boil or mash—
Till you spend that surplus cash.

Then we have a plentiful feast
With beef and pie and beer,
Ice cream, milk and cigarettes;
The place is full of cheer,
But it costs us dear.

The next day, back to normalcy;
For our feast we pay the price.
So until the next party
When things again are nice,
We'll eat mush and rice.

PVT. ARTHUR ROBERT PELL

FORT HAMILTON, N. Y.

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SPORTS: FIGHT MANAGERS ARE FINALLY FIGHTING INSTEAD OF SAYING "THEY CAN'T HURT US"

By Sgt. Walter Bernstein

There are strange and wonderful developments in boxing circles these days. Fight managers are getting ready to fight.

This reversal of form is about equal to a mess sergeant scrubbing pots or a first sergeant doing calisthenics. It is true that the 33 1/3 per cent boys will do their fighting in khaki instead of trunks, but it is still fighting and a rare occupation for men whose belligerency has been largely confined to arguments over the gate receipts.

Some of the more prominent managers who have followed their charges into the service are Pvt. Joe Vela, manager of Gus Lesnévich, the light-heavyweight champion; Pvt. Jimmy Remini, who is now master-minding Tami Mauriello from some orderly room; C.P.O. Paul Moss, who followed Billy Soose into the Navy; Pvt. Sammy Scheer, formerly behind Beau Jack; and Lt. Joe Gould, who was commissioned along with Jimmy Braddock to serve in the new Army longshore battalions. Lt. Gould probably has summed up the typical boxing manager's feelings about the whole business as well as anyone:

"I've been behind Jimmy Braddock ever since he started fighting," he said, "and when those bullets start flying I'll still be behind him."

The spectacle of a manager in uniform will undoubtedly convulse any ex-fighter already in the service, especially if he is a non-com and the manager isn't. Consider for a moment the delight of an ex-pugilist who wakes up some fine morning and finds his former manager in his platoon.

For the sake of convenience we will call the fighter Sgt. Smythe-Hereford and his manager Pvt. Bloodstone. In the ring the former was affectionately known as "Canvasback" Smythe-Hereford, while his manager was known as many things, few of them complimentary.

The scene is the barracks, early one wintry morning. The only sound is gentle snoring, broken occasionally by a jawbone corporal screaming "Hut, tup, thrup, frup!" in his sleep. Enter Sgt. Smythe-Hereford. He tiptoes to the bed of Pvt. Bloodstone and taps him lightly on the collarbone, breaking it.

Sgt. S-H *(Roaring, so as not to disturb the other men):* Wake up, Sleeping Beauty. It's four o'clock.

Pvt. B: Glug. *(He tries to burrow under the comforter, but the sergeant is too quick and fetches him a clout on the chops.)*

Sgt. S-H: For shame, Pvt. Bloodstone. Don't you know it's time for your road work? *(He hauls the private out of bed and stands over him with a whip while he gets dressed. This done, he marches him outside into three feet of snow.)* We'll take it easy this morning, private—only ten miles. And that's ten miles *running.* None of this here scout pace. *(The sergeant gets into a nearby jeep, while the private stands shivering in the snow.)* Okay—*mush! (The private staggers down the road. The sergeant follows comfortably in the jeep.)*

Slow curtain.

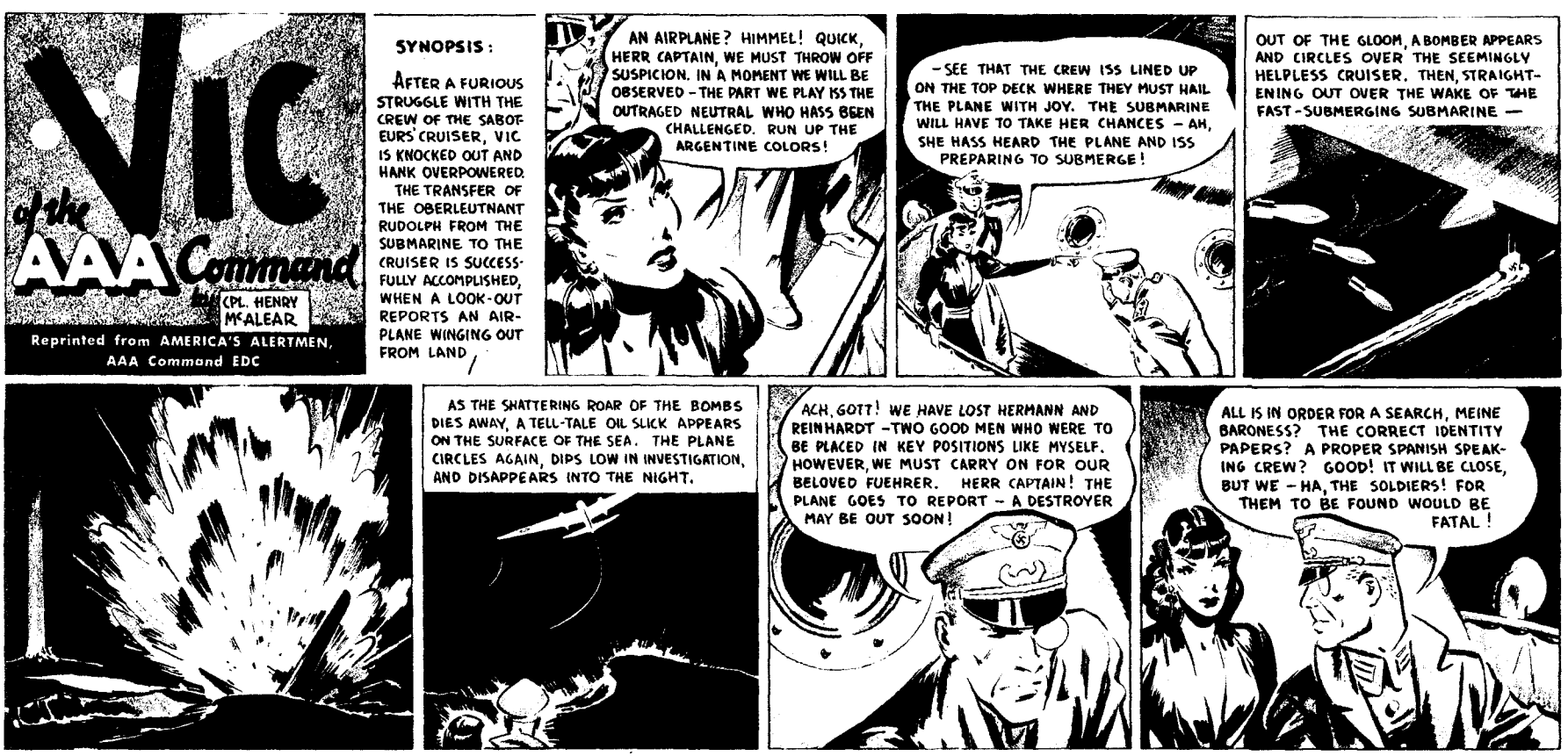
This sort of thing is naturally varied during the day, but it is safe to assume that the whole setup is any fighter's idea of heaven. You can see Sgt. Smythe-Hereford watching his ex-manager's diet and allowing him only a glass of milk for lunch. Or making him skip rope for two hours. Or keeping him away from women because it might sap his strength.

The payoff comes, of course, when the outfit finally goes into battle. It is when the shot and shell are dropping like rain that Sgt. Smythe-Hereford really comes into his own. There he is, safe and snug in a foxhole, when Pvt. Bloodstone comes crawling up to him.

"We are taking it on all sides!" shouts Bloodstone, the gore dripping from his multiple wounds. "What shall we do?"

"Get in there and fight," growls the sergeant, pushing him back into the fray. "They can't hurt us!"

Lt. Jimmy Braddock, left, and his manager, Lt. Joe Gould, train at Army Transportation Corps School.



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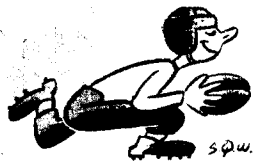
COLLEGE FOOTBALL



ALABAMA
54—S. W. La. In. 0
21—Miss. State 6
27—Pensacola Tr. 0
8—Tennessee 0
14—Kentucky 0
10—Georgia 21
29—So. Carolina 0
0—Ga. Tech 7
27—Vanderbilt 7

ARMY
14—Lafayette 0
28—Cornell 8
34—Columbia 6
14—Harvard 0
0—Pennsylvania 19
0—Notre Dame 13
19—V. P. I. 7
40—Princeton 7

AUBURN
20—Chattanooga 7
0—Ga. Tech. 15
27—Tulane 13
0—Florida 6
8—Georgetown 6
14—Villanova 6
0—Miss. State 6
14—Ga. Pre-Fl. 41
25—L. S. U. 7
27—Georgia 13

BAYLOR
68—Waco Flyers 0
6—Hardin-Sim's 13
18—Okla. A. & M. 12
20—Arkansas 7
6—Texas A. & M. 0
10—T. C. U. 7
0—Texas 20
0—Tulsa 24
6—So. Methodist 6

BOSTON COLLEGE
33—West Virginia 0
14—Clemson 7
7—N. C. Pre-Fl. 6
27—Wake Forest 0
47—Georgetown 0
28—Temple 0
56—Fordham 6
37—Boston U. 0

BROWN
28—Rhode Island 0
28—Columbia 21
7—Lafayette 0
13—Princeton 32
0—Yale 27
20—Holy Cross 14
0—Harvard 7

CALIFORNIA
6—St. Mary's 0
8—Ore. State 13
6—Santa Clara 7
0—U. C. L. A. 21
19—Washington 6
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7—So. California 21
13—Montana 0
7—Stanford 26

CLEMSON
32—Presbyterian 13
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6—N. C. State ..... [illegible]
7—Boston College 14
18—So. Carolina 6
6—Wake Forest 19
0—Geo. Washington 7
6—Jacksonville Tr. 24
12—Furman 7

COLGATE
49—St. Lawrence 0
18—Cornell 6
27—Dartmouth 19
0—Duke 34
10—Penn State 13
6—Holy Cross 6
35—Columbia 26
14—Syracuse 0

COLUMBIA
39—Ft. Monmouth 0
34—Maine 2
21—Brown 28
6—Army 34
12—Pennsylvania 42
14—Cornell 13
26—Colgate 35
9—Navy 13
13—Dartmouth 26

CORNELL
20—Lafayette 16
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13—Yale 7
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DARTMOUTH
17—Holy Cross 6
58—Miami (O.) 7
19—Colgate 27
14—Harvard 2
7—Yale 17
14—Wm. & Mary 35
19—Princeton 7
19—Cornell 21
26—Columbia 13

DUKE
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7—Wake Forest 20
12—Ga. Pre-Fl. 26
34—Colgate 0
28—Pittsburgh 0
7—Georgia Tech. 26
42—Maryland 0
13—North Carolina 13
47—N. C. State 0

DUQUESNE
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25—Holy Cross 0
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14—St. Vincent 0
7—St. Mary's 7
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FLORIDA
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FORDHAM
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13—Notre Dame 6
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7—Alabama 0
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7—Brown 0
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HOLY CROSS
6—Dartmouth 17
0—Duquesne 25
60—Ft. Totten 0
0—Syracuse 19
28—N. C. State 0
6—Colgate 6
14—Brown 20
13—Temple 0
28—Manhattan 0

ILLINOIS
46—So. Dakota 0
67—Butler 0
20—Minnesota 13
12—Iowa 7
14—Notre Dame 21
14—Michigan 28
14—Northwestern 7
20—Ohio State 44
0—Gt. Lakes N. S. 6

INDIANA
53—Butler 0
21—Ohio State 32
12—Nebraska 0
19—Pittsburgh 7
13—Iowa 14
6—Iowa Pre-Fl 26
7—Minnesota 0
54—Kansas State 0
20—Purdue 0

IOWA
26—Wash. (St. L.) 7
27—Nebraska 0
0—Great Lakes 25
33—Camp Grant 16
7—Illinois 12
14—Indiana 13
13—Purdue 6
6—Wisconsin 0
7—Minnesota 27

KANSAS
0—Marquette 14
34—Ga. Pre-Fl. 0
0—Denver 17
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7—Nebraska 14
19—Wash. U. (St. L.) 7
13—Iowa State 20

KENTUCKY
6—Georgia 7
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7—Georgia Tech 47
0—W. Virginia 7
0—Tennessee 26

LOUISIANA STATE
40—La. St. Normal 0
16—Tex. A. & M. 7
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16—Miss. State 6
21—Mississippi 7
34—Ga. Pre-Fl. 0
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MICHIGAN
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20—Mich. State 0
14—Iowa Pre-Fl. 26
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28—Illinois 14
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32—Notre Dame 20
7—Ohio State 21

MINNESOTA
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19—Northwestern 7
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27—Iowa 7
6—Wisconsin 20

MISS. STATE
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6—L. S. U. 16
33—Vanderbilt 0
26—Florida 12
6—Auburn 0
7—Tulane 0
28—Duquesne 6
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MISSOURI
31—Ft. Riley 0
38—St. Louis 7
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46—Kansas State 2
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NAVY
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7—Penn 0
13—Columbia 9

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14—Kansas 7
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NORTH CAROLINA
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18—So. Carolina 6
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13—Duquesne 6
14—Tulane 29
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43—Davidson 7
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NORTHWESTERN
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NOTRE DAME
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6—Ga. Tech 13
27—Stanford 0
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21—Illinois 14
9—Navy 0
13—Army 0
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27—Northwestern 20

OHIO STATE
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26—Purdue 0
20—Northwestern 6
7—Wisconsin 17
59—Pittsburgh 19
44—Illinois 20
21—Michigan 7

OKLAHOMA
0—Okla. A. & M. 0
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0—Texas 7
25—Kansas 0
0—Nebraska 7
14—Iowa State 7
76—Kansas State 0
6—Missouri 6
7—Temple 14

OREGON
9—Calif. Pre-Fl. 10
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7—Washington 15
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2—Oregon State 39

OREGON STATE
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13—California 8
7—U. C. L. A. 30
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13—Wash. State 26
0—Washington 13
33—Montana 0
13—Stanford 49
39—Oregon 2

PENNSYLVANIA
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35—Yale 6
6—Princeton 6
42—Columbia 12
19—Army 0
0—Navy 7
7—Penn State 13

PITTSBURGH
7—Minnesota 50
20—S. M. U. 7
6—Great Lakes 7
7—Indiana 19
0—Duke 28
19—Carnegie Tech 0
19—Ohio State 59
6—Nebraska 0
6—Penn State 14

PRINCETON
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7—Williams 19
10—Navy 0
6—Penn 6
32—Brown 13
14—Harvard 19
7—Dartmouth 19
6—Yale 13
7—Army 40

PURDUE
7—Fordham 14
0—Vanderbilt 26
7—Northwestern 6
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0—Wisconsin 13
6—Iowa 13
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6—Michigan State 19
0—Indiana 20

SANTA CLARA
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14—Stanford 6
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6—U. C. L. A. 14
8—San Francisco 6
21—Loyola 0
20—St. Mary's 0
6—Cal. Pre-Fl. 13

SO. CALIFORNIA
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26—Wash. State 12
6—Stanford 14
21—California 7
40—Oregon 0

SO. METHODIST
26—No. Texas T. 7
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6—Hardin-Sim's 7
6—Temple 6
21—Corp. Christi PF 6
7—Texas 21
20—Texas A. & M. 27
14—Arkansas 6
6—Baylor 6

STANFORD
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6—Santa Clara 14
0—Notre Dame 27
54—Idaho 7
14—So. Calif. 6
7—U. C. L. A. 20
20—Washington 7
49—Oregon State 13
26—California 7

SYRACUSE
58—Clarkson 6
25—Boston U. 0
13—Western Res. 0
19—Holy Cross 0
12—Cornell 7
0—No. Car. Pre-Fl. 0
13—Penn State 18
0—Colgate 14
12—Rutgers 7

TEMPLE
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7—V. M. I. 6
7—Bucknell 7
6—So. Methodist 6
0—N. C. PF 34
7—Michigan State 7
0—Boston College 28
0—Holy Cross 13
14—Oklahoma 7

TENNESSEE
0—So. Carolina 0
40—Fordham 14
34—Dayton 6
0—Alabama 8
52—Furman 7
26—Louisiana State 0
34—Cincinnati 12
14—Mississippi 0
26—Kentucky 0

TEXAS
40—Corpus Christi 0
64—Kansas State 0
0—Northwestern 3
7—Oklahoma 0
47—Arkansas 6
12—Rice 7
21—So. Methodist 7
20—Baylor 0
7—T. C. U. 13

TEXAS A. & M.
7—L. S. U. 16
19—Texas Tech 0
7—Corpus Christi 18
2—T. C. U. 7
0—Baylor 6
41—Arkansas 0
27—So. Methodist 20
0—Rice 0

TEXAS CHRISTIAN
7—U. C. L. A. 6
13—Arkansas 6
41—Kansas 6
7—Texas A. M. 2
21—Pensacola Tr. 0
7—Baylor 10
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0—Rice 26

TULANE
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13—Auburn 27
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28—Vanderbilt 21
0—Miss. State 7
0—Ga. Pre-Fl. 7

U. C. L. A.
6—T. C. U. 7
7—Calif. Pre-Fl. 18
30—Oregon State 7
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20—Stanford 7
7—Oregon 14
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VANDERBILT
52—Tenn. Tech 0
26—Purdue 0
7—Kentucky 6
0—Miss. State 33
66—Centre 0
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19—Mississippi 0
27—Union 0
7—Alabama 27

WASHINGTON
27—Coll.-Pacific 0
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16—U. C. L. A. 14

WASH. STATE
6—Stanford 0
7—Oregon 0
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26—Oregon State 13
25—Mich. State 13
7—Idaho 0
0—2nd Air Force 6

WISCONSIN
7—Camp Grant 0
7—Notre Dame 7
35—Marquette 7
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13—Great Lakes 7
13—Purdue 0
17—Ohio State 7
0—Iowa 6
20—Northwestern 19
20—Minnesota 6

YALE
33—Lehigh 6
6—Pennsylvania 35
6—Navy 13
12—Dartmouth 7
27—Brown 0
7—Cornell 13
13—Princeton 6
7—Harvard 3

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***ONE MORE WANTED.** These eight baseball players, including five major leaguers, are training for the Army Air Forces at Waco (Tex.) Flying School. One more and they'd have the required nine. Top row (l. to r.): Pvt. Walter Evers, Tiger outfield prospect; Pvt. George Tebbetts, Tiger catcher; Pvt. Bruce Campbell, Senator outfielder, and Pvt. Buster Mills, Cleveland outfielder. Bottom: Pvt. Mickey Mandjack, East Texas League pitcher; Mike Popovich, Tiger catcher; Pvt. Nick Popovich, White Sox farm pitcher, and Pvt. Sid Hudson, Senator pitcher.*

SPORT SHORTS

Dolf Camilli has notified the Brooklyn Dodgers that he'll return to first base next season if they find a first-class cow hand to fill in for him on his California ranch . . . The only active Chinese boxer in the U. S. is **Jue Yee Kong**, a lightweight who fights out of Indianapolis . . . The Army has ordered 16,200 pairs of boxing gloves and the Navy has ordered 3,000 pairs.

Ted Williams and **Johnny Pesky** of the Boston Red Sox have entered the Amherst (Mass.) Naval Pre-Flight School . . . The Maryland Boxing Commission has decided that if everyone else can nominate champions, they can, and have recognized **Big Boy Brown,** Negro heavyweight and alleged cousin of Joe Louis, as "duration champion" . . . When **Pvt. Christ Gestrich** took his physical exam at the Fort Warren Quartermaster Replacement Center, he looked perfectly healthy, but couldn't stand up straight. The medics couldn't make it out until Gestrich, a wrestler and former Illinois amateur champion, thought of a reason. "I've stood in a crouch so much while wrestling I just can't stand up straight anymore," he explained.

Columbia University ended a football season this week that saw them yield more points to opponents than any time in 51 years, yet their star back, **Paul Governali,** tied Davy O'Brien's college record of 19 touchdown passes in one season . . . Governali was also only 15 yards short of O'Brien's record of 1,457 yards gained by passing in a single season.

The United States Golf Association announced that 430 of the nation's golf courses have raised $116,376 for war relief, plus $906,767 worth of War Bonds and Stamps.

The New York State Boxing Commission has started an elimination tournament to select a successor to **Sammy Angott,** recently retired lightweight champ. First step will be a 15-round bout between **Beau Jack,** recent conqueror of **Allie Stolz,** and **Tippy Larkin.** Other contenders include **Cleo Shans, Chester Rico, Maxie Shapiro,** and **Bob Montgomery. Angott** retired to take a job in a defense plant.

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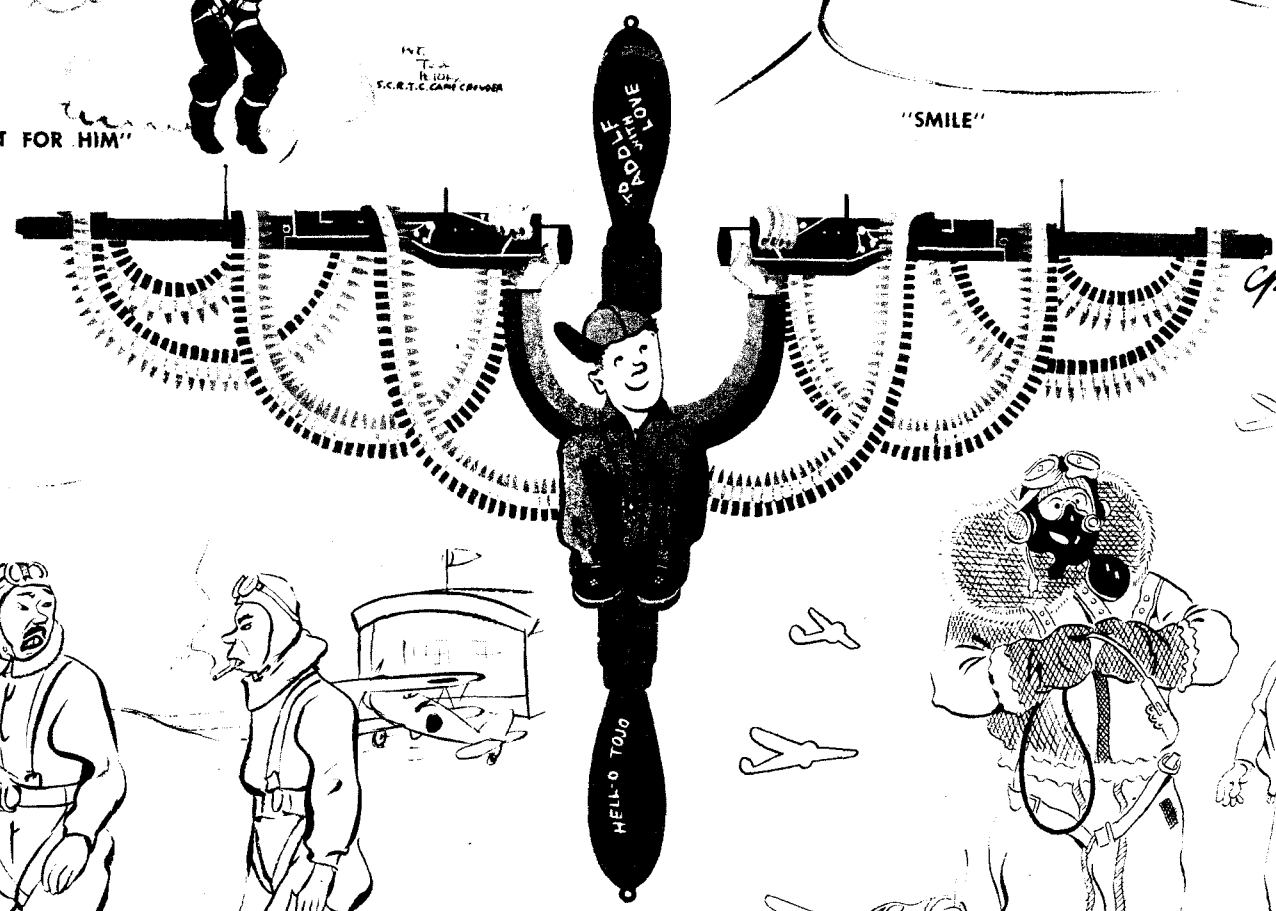
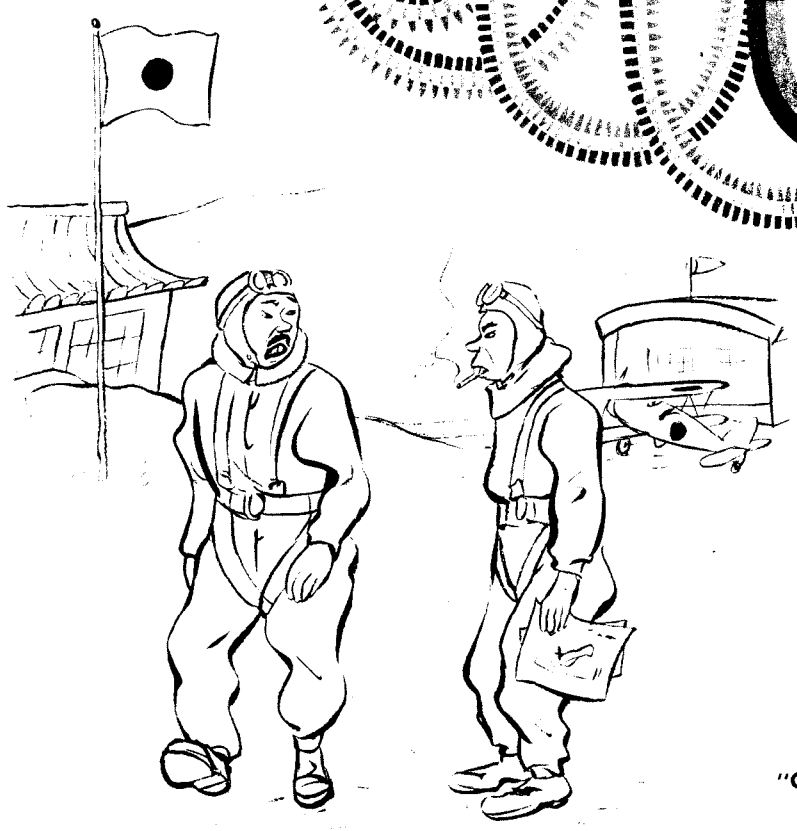
THE ARMY WEEKLY

"HIS WIFE MADE IT FOR HIM"

"SMILE"

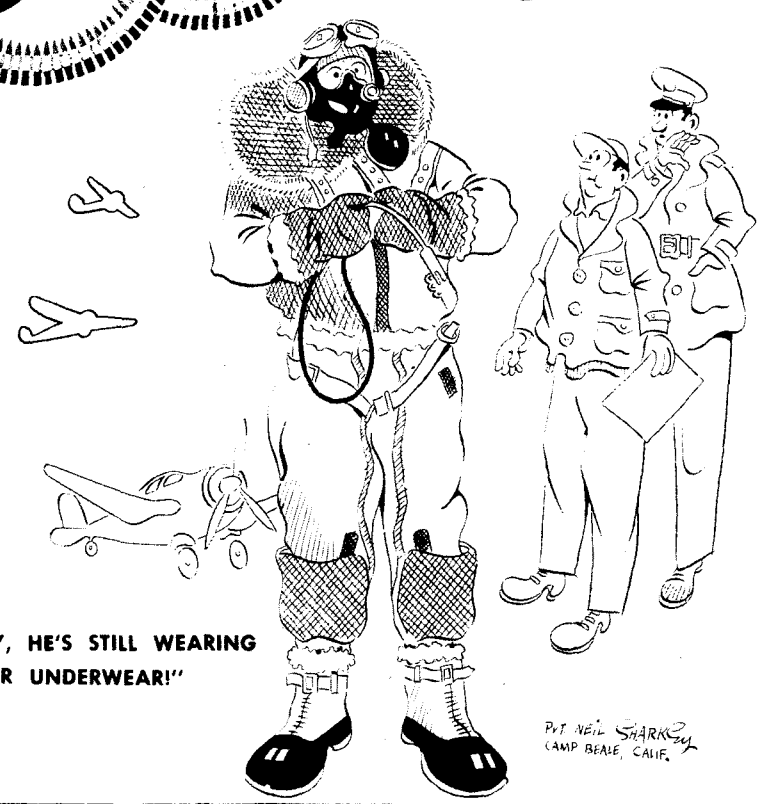


Cpl. Bill Frager



"YOU PROBABLY WON'T GET A VERY BIG MEDAL, YOU ONLY SANK A HOSPITAL SHIP"

BOLLING FIELD, D.C.
PVT. John Lewis



"CONFIDENTIALLY, HE'S STILL WEARING HIS SUMMER UNDERWEAR!"

PVT. NEIL SHARKEY
CAMP BEALE, CALIF.

HERE'S WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR!

YANK has slipped out of its OD Inverness and into Sherlock Holmes tweed for the war's greatest investigation. We're looking for the guys who represent extremes in our forces—the fattest, youngest, oldest, and so forth. Here's what we're after:

Send your candidates to Contest Editor, YANK the Army Weekly, 205 East 42nd St., N. Y. C. Entries from this country must be in by Dec. 1; those from overseas by Dec. 31. Winners get a free year's subscription to YANK, and so do the guys who turn in the names. So give with the figures!

YOUNGEST Master Sergeant

Does your six-striper use a baby carriage for a jeep? We want the youngest in our Army. So far, we have several 19 years old!

OLDEST enlisted man in point of service

That gray beard may not have grown waiting for a PX phone; the owner may be a veteran of Bull Run. For the biggest sleeve of hashmarks there's a prize.

LARGEST FEET in G.I. Shoes

So far we have a couple of guys who have trouble getting into size 12s. Can you beat 'em?

BIGGEST FAMILY of Army men

If the seven O'Briens on your roll call look alike they may be brothers. Give a look and win a prize. Five is the record to date.

HEAVIEST man in the Army

The hill that just moved may be a 300-pound private. If so, tell us his name and poundage. The leading candidates are over 275 pounds, on the hoof.

MARINE who has served most foreign posts

Calling all gyrenes. Count up the campaign ribbons and give us the lowdown on your world travels.

SAILOR who can tie the most knots

Any salt-water men tuned in? We want the finest hemp bender in this man's navy.

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